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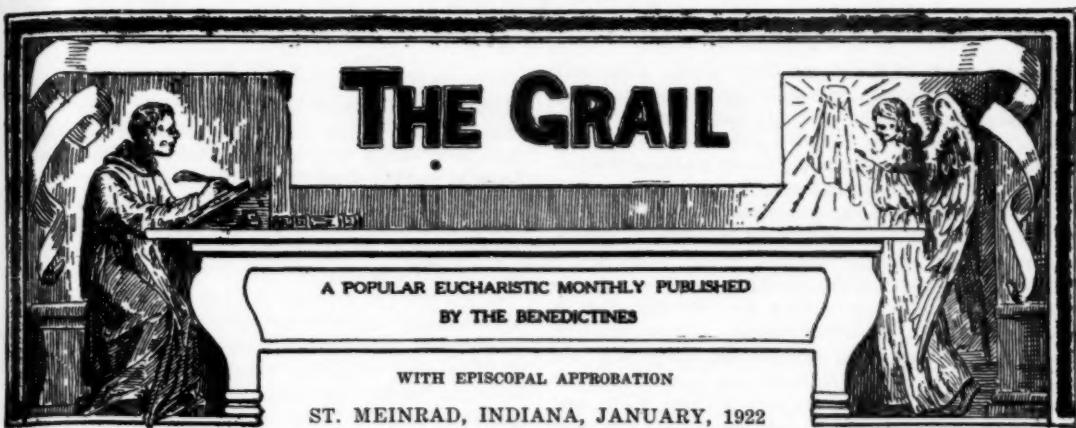
N. B. Money with requests for Masses to be offered up by the impoverished and needy priests of Austria and Germany will be gladly forwarded gratis. Address all communications to

ST. MEINRAD ABBEY
St. Meinrad, Indiana

GRAIL BUILDING FUND

THE GRAIL needs a fire-proof building in which to carry on its mission, therefore we have opened a "building fund" to solicit the aid of our friends. All contributions towards this fund, whether great or small, will be most welcome.

Previously acknowledged: \$115.23. N. N., San Francisco, Calif., \$1; N. Winckless, N. Y., \$1; C. Renner, Nebr., \$4; H. M. Sullivan, N. Y. C., \$2; J. Schmidt, Iowa, \$1; Czanzetzki, N. Y., \$3; Mrs. C. Fillen, N. J., \$1; Mrs. G. Schmid, Kans., \$1. Total: \$129.23.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE HOLY GHOST

Happy New Year

Another year of joys and pleasures, of griefs and sorrows, of life and death, of sin and grace, has been added to the irrevocable past. Despite all that we may have had to suffer, whether pain of body, pangs of conscience, mental anguish, or bitter disappointments, we stand expectantly on the threshold of another year. In 1921 Almighty God bestowed upon us graces without number, without measure. We have much to be grateful for, much to regret. The ruddy dawn of another year of grace, one that will bring us another step nearer our goal, an unending eternity, glows upon us from the East. While there is still time to make up our deficiencies, to mend our evil ways, to correct our bad habits, to check up and balance the books of our spiritual life—so that the good works of the future may outweigh our sinfulness, present and past—and while the grace of God is still with us, let us lose no time in beginning with the very first day of the year to make this the happiest and holiest year of our lives. Begin the year with a new set of books and keep them balanced, at the very least once a month by the devout reception of the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist. Go oftener if you can; once a week is not too frequent while every day is much better. The Church encourages and exhorts you to do so and the Savior ardently desires it.

THE GRAIL wishes everyone of its numerous readers a very happy New Year. May the blessings of Almighty God descend upon you in great abundance both in your spiritual and temporal affairs!

New Year's Day, which is a legal holiday, is likewise the feast of the Circumcision, an ecclesiastical holyday of obligation. It is the octave or the eighth day after Christmas when the Divine Infant was taken to the temple that the rite of the circumcision might be performed according to the Law. It was then that the holy name of Jesus, which means "Savior," was bestowed upon Him. Although our Savior was not subject to the Law, but above it, yet He wished to sub-

mit to the Law to give us an example of obedience to civil authority. Whither He leads we should follow.

On the sixth day of the new year we celebrate Epiphany, or "Little Christmas" as it is sometimes called, in memory of the coming of the Magi, the three Holy Kings from the Orient who were directed by a brilliant star that led them to the feet of the new-born King. A lively faith lighted by the rays of glowing love should be the star that brings us to the crib at Bethlehem, the tabernacle, to adore our God and King and to receive Him often in our hearts.

The Octave of Prayer from January 18th, the feast of St. Peter's Chair, to the 25th, the Conversion of St. Paul, should appeal to all our readers who, through the Divine mercy and not by any merits of their own, have not only some vague notion of God as many millions of other men but they have the true Faith. To show, at least in some degree, our appreciation and gratitude for this unspeakable favor, we should join the rest of the Catholic world in praying for the return to the Faith of all non-Catholics and for the conversion of the Jews, Turks, and all other non-Christians that they may see salvation. Help by your prayers to make the Precious Blood more fruitful.—The Octave of Prayer is more fully explained in another column of this issue. We might add, by the way, that the intention for which you are asked to pray especially during this Octave of Prayer is likewise the daily petition of the International Eucharistic League, which you are most earnestly invited to join.

Blessed are the Merciful

At Christmas time more than at other seasons our hearts are moved to greater generosity towards God's poor, whom, we are assured, we shall always have with us. Accordingly we have many poor among us, but unthinkable destitution, absolute want—no food to eat, no clothes to wear, no fuel to burn, and in winter at that—is the sad condition of many thousands of Europeans who still suffer untold misery and wretched-

ness as a result of the recent World War. Their only hope is their reliance on Divine Providence to touch the hearts of their more fortunate fellow men in foreign lands. Heart-rending are the appeals that we receive almost daily from orphanages, where starving children are dying from hunger and cold, from convents, where a like condition exists, from priests in charge of various other institutions—everywhere suffering is intense, the condition is acute.

Then, not to speak of decent clothing such as becomes a servant of God, many priests are literally clad in rags that scarcely cover their person. They would be most happy if they might only say the Masses that you would like to have said. Will you not do something for them? We will forward for you to these needy and deserving priests all the Masses and other alms that you send for them. Convents and monasteries, too, are in a deplorable condition. Religious haven't habits to wear, but must patch old rags together.

The Holy Father has appealed to the Catholics of the whole world for aid. We desire to pass this appeal along. We are glad to help make the cry of these wretched sufferers resound throughout our land that they may obtain speedy relief. As you hope one day to obtain mercy, exercise it now in the time of dire need.

Out of love for the poor Infant Jesus at Bethlehem, in behalf of the poor sufferers in Europe, we beg you to send at once whatever alms you can spare for them. We shall be very glad to despatch to them every cent that you send us for that purpose. The Savior has promised to reward even the cup of cold water given in His name. How great shall be your reward?

The Children Cry For Bread

"The little ones have asked for bread, and there was none to break it unto them."—Lam. 4:4.

Do you know how many children
In this war death called away—
That the famished ones remaining
Die by hundreds ev'ry day?

Do you hear their bitter whimp'ring?
"Mamma, give us bread," they cry.
We, their broken-hearted mothers,
See our infants slowly die.

Oh what pain we mothers suffer!
Could you bear this awful sight?
Will your eyes refuse their weeping,
Will your hands withhold a mite?

Give, oh give, a little off'ring
That life's dying spark will fan;
That will give us back our children,
Healthy, happy, sound again.

"What you do to these, My children,"
Christ has said, "you do to Me.
All your almsdeeds I'll remember
And repay them royally."

F. P.

Address your offerings to St. Meinrad Abbey, St. Meinrad, Ind.

S. O. S.

Do you know what these three letters mean? They stand for the words, *Save Our Souls!* They are the agonizing silent cry for help, sent out by wireless from a sinking ship. When the beautiful *Titanic* glided into her watery grave, she had on board a brave young American who to the last stuck to his machine, sending out in all directions those three letters so full of dreadful meaning.

If you lived in Europe, you could easily see that the old continent, cradle of all science and art, is fast approaching a terrible catastrophe. Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee, returning from his voyage *ad limina*, said that Europe's immediate future was appalling. So you will not be surprised if a countrywoman of yours, living in sunny France, cries out the same words to you. Help us save Europe, the land of your forefathers! Europe peopled America.

Without the Pilgrim Fathers and emigrants of all nations, the United States would still be the undisputed realm of the red man. By reason of these sacred family ties you must assist Europe with an assistance that lies in the power of the poorest to give.

Europe needs *prayer*, for *God alone* can save her, and prayer alone has power over the Almighty. As Catholics you are doubly interested in the woe and weal of your brothers across the Atlantic. You must not selfishly think: "What do I care? We here in America have nothing to fear." Yes, *you have!* Civilization came to America from Europe; revolution and barbarity will follow the same route. In our days no barrier can shut out the enemy.

The Chinese wall of yore is a useless thing today. The strangest events may happen. Who would have thought a few years ago that Americans would join in a European war? So, you see, charity and prudence continue to ask of you this simple and meritorious act—intercessory prayer.

To render our supplication irresistibly powerful, it must be the cry of many, a cry repeated by Jesus' Sacred Heart. This is the aim of the International Eucharistic League, whose members, the world over, pray in union with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament for these intentions: (1) union amongst all Catholics, so fiercely divided in Europe by national hate; (2) the return of our separated brothers, Protestants and schismatics, to the Mother Church; (3) the conversion of Jews, Turks, and heathens.

Is it not grand? For this means the changing of our poor, unhappy world into the "One Fold" of Christ. To bring about the world's conversion (beginning with Europe as standing in sorest need) we join our prayer to that of Jesus, offering *each morning* all the Masses and Holy Communions of the day for this threefold intention, and *every week or month*, or, at least three times a year, a Mass heard and a Holy Communion received for the same end.

See how easy! We should be inexcusable if we refused so small a charity to so great a need. Did you

know there are 285,000,000 Protestants and schismatics, 213,000,000 Jews and Turks, and 774,000,000 pagans? What a lot of work lies before us! We cannot all be Maryknollers, going to China, but we can, every one of us, help them ever so much without leaving our home. It is said of St. Theresa that she saved more souls by her prayers than the great St. Francis Xavier who baptized over 1,200,000 heathens. We can all, more or less, be Theresas of supplication, working silent, yet very great, wonders we may know nothing of here on earth, but which will be our perpetual delight in heaven when saints of all countries will come, beaming with grateful love, to thank us for our charity. And I hope to be there too and shake hands with you and feel ever so glad that together we helped to save souls and give peace to the earth.

G. Kreuzburg.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—When you send in your names for affiliation with the International Eucharistic League, and every Catholic should be a member of the League, inclose a few cents by way of alms to help defray current expenses. There are no fees, dues, or collections connected with the League. United prayer is its aim.

A Memorial of Eternal Love

On the ruins left in the wake of the World War the prince of darkness endeavors to rear with living stones a monument of implacable eternal hatred. He seeks his building stones and co-builders amongst all nations. The International Eucharistic League is, likewise, eager to erect a memorial but it is to be a memorial of eternal love. Its co-laborers and building stones are, too, to be gathered from the whole world. They are the souls that bear on their forehead the sign of the discipleship of Christ, the glittering star of true brotherly love that cherishes all men, no less than self, as children of God and members of Christ. Our architect is the Holy Ghost, the personal love of God. This memorial is dedicated to the Eucharistic King who as God loved us with an eternal love and who has left us in the Holy Eucharist the greatest memorial of His love.—E. V-B.

Church Unity Octave

The Church Unity Octave is observed every year from the feast of St. Peter's Chair, Jan. 18, to the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, Jan. 25. The Church Unity movement was approved and blessed by the late Pope Pius X in 1910. By a Papal Brief, dated Feb. 25, 1916, His Holiness Benedict XV extended the Church Unity Octave to the universal Church and enriched it with indulgences. A Plenary Indulgence is granted to every one of the faithful who on the first or the last day of the Octave shall receive Holy Communion under the usual conditions. Moreover, an in-

dulgence of 200 days may be gained on each day of the Octave by those who recite the following prayer:

PRAYER TO BE RECITED DAILY DURING THE OCTAVE

ANTIPHON. That they all may be One, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. (St. John 17:21)

V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter;
R. And upon this Rock I will build My Church.

LET US PRAY

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidest unto Thine Apostles; Peace I leave with you, My Peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that Peace and Unity which are agreeable to Thy Will Who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

N. B. It is also recommended that one decade of the Rosary (at least) be said for the particular intention of each day; also that Holy Communion be received, daily if possible, certainly on the First or Last Day of the Octave in order to obtain the Plenary Indulgence.

THE DAILY INTENTIONS

Jan. 18. Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. The return of all the "Other Sheep" to the one Fold of Peter, the One Shepherd.

Jan. 19. The return of all Oriental Separatists to Communion with the Apostolic See.

Jan. 20. The Repairing of the 16th Century Breach between England and Rome.

Jan. 21. That the Lutherans and all other Protestants of Continental Europe may find their way "Back to Holy Church."

Jan. 22. That all Christians in America may become one in communion with the Chair of Peter.

Jan. 23. The return to the Sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

Jan. 24. The conversion of the Jews.

Jan. 25. Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. The Missionary conquest of the entire world for Christ.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

1. Pray especially during the Octave that with the return of peace to the nations Catholic Unity may

2. Resolve to do more for foreign Missions and

2 Resolve to do more for Foreign Missions and make an offering to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

3. Do a little fasting or perform some penance, (e.g., making the Stations of the Cross,) in reparation for the sins of Christians, which have so much hindered the extension of the Kingdom of God.

4. Consecrate yourself, your time, talent, substance, opportunity to the all important work of saving souls.

5. Resolve to watch, work, and pray every day and at all times for the conversion of your non-Catholic neighbors.

The Lord's Own Blessing

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

WHENCE are you going, my little Miss?" teasingly asked Doctor Lawson as Anna May Ross was passing.

"To Benediction," was the cheerful reply.

"Benediction! What is that?"

"Why don't you know what Benediction is? I thought doctors knew everything. You ought to know what Benediction is," and off she bounced so as not to be late for the service.

"I ought to know what Benediction is. Yes, I ought to know. Wasn't my mother a devout Catholic?" mused the doctor as these words echoed and reechoed in his heart and refused to be silenced. Meeting Father Gilbert, his congenial friend, on the following day, he spoke up rather abruptly saying: "Father, something is haunting me."

"Did one of your old patients come back from spirit land?" asked the priest with a mischievous twinkle in his eye as he wondered what was worrying the doctor.

"No. They have all behaved very well thus far, but last night I was set to thinking. I ought to be a Catholic and yet I know so little about Catholic services. And it took a child to make me realize it."

"Well, Doctor, what is your difficulty?"

"The little Ross girl gave me a gentle rebuke because I did not know what Benediction was. Now what sort of service is it, Father?"

"Small matter for worry! I thought you had been losing sleep over some perplexing question. Well, to clear up the matter, you will probably not want a lengthy description and I should not be able to tell you in a simpler or more expressive way than Cardinal Newman explains it in his 'Present Position of Catholics.'"

"Let us hear what he says."

"The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is one of the simplest rites of the Church. The priests enter and kneel down, one of them unlocks the tabernacle, takes out the Blessed Sacrament, inserts it upright in a monstrance of precious metal, and sets it in a conspicuous place above the altar in the midst of lights for all to see. The people then begin to sing; meanwhile the priest twice offers incense to the King of heaven before whom he is kneeling. Then he takes the monstrance in his hands and turning to the people he blesses them with the Most Holy in the form of a cross while the bell is sounded by one of the attendants to call attention to the ceremony. It is our Lord's solemn

benediction of His people as when He lifted up His hands over the children or when He blessed His chosen ones before He ascended up from Mount Olivet. As sons might come before a parent prior to going to bed at night, so, once or twice a week, the great Catholic family comes before the Eternal Father after the bustle or toil of the day, and He smiles upon them and sheds upon them the light of His countenance. It is a full accomplishment of what the priest invoked upon the Israelites: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord show His face to thee and have mercy on thee; the Lord turn His countenance to thee, and give thee peace." Can there be a more touching rite, even in the judgment of those who do not believe in it? How many a man not a Catholic is moved on seeing it to say: "Oh that I did but believe it!" when he sees the priest take up the Fount of mercy and the people bent low in adoration. It is one of the most beautiful, natural and soothing actions of the Church."

"This explanation is quite clear and to the point. The Cardinal speaks of Benediction once or twice a week. I recall that late last spring, it must have been about May or June, the Ross family used to pass on their way to church every evening. Did you have Benediction each evening?"

"Yes, in May and June we have Benediction every day. Cardinal Newman's description applies to the solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament whereas that of May and June is more of a private character."

"Is there a great difference between the two?"

"Well, private exposition consists merely in opening the tabernacle door and placing in view of the worshipers the veiled ciborium, the vessel in which the Blessed Sacrament is preserved for giving Holy Communion to the faithful. During this exposition hymns are sung, the rosary and other prayers are recited, incense is offered, and the usual ceremonies are observed except that the blessing is not given with the monstrance as at solemn Benediction but with the ciborium."

"I wish I could have the faith of you Catholics."

"If you sincerely desire it, come to Benediction and express your wish silently in the presence of Him who is gazing at you from the monstrance. I know from observation that this particular service appeals to non-Catholics as scarcely any other."

"How do you account for that, Father?"

"It is God's own sensible presence that cannot fail to make a deep impression if hardness of heart does not keep off the rays of divine grace. Besides, there is a mysterious, imposing solemnity about the whole service that men are unwittingly reminded of the courts of heaven. The altar, all aflame with burning tapers and clusters of lights, is wrapped in clouds of fragrant incense that enhance the splendor of the august ceremony while the choir blends its solemn chants of praise and adoration in unison with the blessed choirs above."

"I wonder if it would make such an impression on me?"

"Why shouldn't it? Is Benediction not the Lord's own blessing? It is difficult," writes Father Faber, "to find words to express the magnitude and the reality of the graces that Jesus bestows on us in the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On one occasion during exposition of the Adorable Sacrament St. Philip Neri beheld our Lord in the Host giving His blessing to the crowd of worshipers kneeling at His feet, apparently as if it was His habitual attitude and the ordinary occupation of His divine bounty in the Holy Eucharist."

"Do you know of any instances, Father, in which the grace of faith was bestowed during Benediction?"

"Did you never hear of the Bollwirth case at Milwaukee in 1848?"

"No. What was it?"

"Mr. Bollwirth's wife was a convert. The husband, however, was obstinate and for a time even refused to have his children baptized. He was finally prevailed upon by the Rev. Father Urbanek to recite every Sunday one Hail Mary according to the priest's intention. Within two weeks he was so much softened that he consented to the baptism of his children, which

he himself attended. The ceremony was followed by Mass and Benediction. During the Benediction he could not resist the inclination to look at the Sacred Host. It seemed to him enlarged and in the center the Good Shepherd appeared with a lamb on His shoulder. The next day Mr. Bollwirth invited the priest to pay him a visit. As soon as Father Urbanek entered the house the man exclaimed: 'Now, indeed, is the lost sheep at last found after his long straying among the briars. I wish to become a Catholic.' On his reception into the Church he attested by oath the truth of the vision. With him was baptized a man who had been a bigoted Calvinist, but who had been converted by the mere relation of this apparition. You may not be favored with a like vision but the interior grace will not be wanting to you if you place no obstacle in the way. I invite you as Philip invited Nathaniel: 'Come and see.'"

"I will think it over, Father. Was it customary to give Benediction before the time of the Reformation?"

"It is certainly older than Protestantism. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for veneration appears to have come into practice at the end of the thirteenth century. When the elevation of the Sacred Host was introduced in the early part of the thirteenth century, probably as a protest against the theological views held by some of the teachers of the time, the idea by degrees took hold of the popular mind that special virtue and merit were attached to the act of looking at the Blessed Sacrament."

"Does the bishop ever conduct this service, Father?"

"Oh yes!"

"I presume that the ceremony is more elaborate on such occasions."



"It is our Lord's solemn benediction of His people as when He lifted up His hands over the children or when He blessed His chosen ones He ascended up from Mt. Olivet."

"Well, there are usually more sacred ministers in the sanctuary and when he gives the Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, he makes the sign of the cross three times over the people instead of once as the priest does."

"If I am not taking up too much of your time, Father, I should be glad to hear what hymns or chants and prayers are used at Benediction."

"At the opening of the tabernacle the hymn, 'O Salutaris Hostia—O Saving Victim,' is generally sung. However, any other suitable hymn or antiphon may be taken instead. How beautiful are the words of the former:

'O Saving Victim, open wide
The gate of heav'n to man below!
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

'To Thy great name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three,
Oh grant us endless length of days,
In our true native land with Thee.'

"Before Benediction is given the choir sings the two following strophes or stanzas of the 'Tantum Ergo':

'Down in adoration falling,
Lo! the Sacred Host we hail!
Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.

'To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from each eternally,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Might and endless majesty. Amen.'

"The priest then sings the versicle, 'Thou didst give them bread from heaven,' to which the choir responds, 'Containing in itself all sweetness.' The priest continues with the prayer: 'O God, who in this wonderful Sacrament hast left us a memorial of Thy passion, grant us we beseech Thee, so to venerate the sacred mysteries of Thy body and blood that we may ever feel within us the fruit of Thy redemption. Who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.'

"When understood, these prayers are certainly most inspiring. It seems a pity that they should be chanted in an unknown tongue. Do you not recite any prayers in the vernacular?"

"Oh yes. Very often the prayers of particular devotions, for instance, those in honor of the Sacred Heart or of the Blessed Virgin are said before the 'Tantum Ergo.' Then after the blessing has been given the so-called 'Divine

Praises' are pronounced by priest and people alternately. You will hear them next Sunday. They are offered up as an act of reparation for the profanities of the world."

"Do you think that Catholics really appreciate the Benediction service, Father?"

"In general they do. Still there are many who in spite of their acknowledged debt to the Eucharist, their many opportunities to attend this service, and their own great need of graces, show by far too little appreciation. Yet they know that next to the time of Mass and Communion there are no moments more precious than those spent at Benediction."

"I accept your invitation, Father, and will be on hand next Sunday afternoon. In the meantime pray for me. But what shall I do while at the service?"

"As to your exterior try to follow the others. In your heart, however, endeavor to repeat with as much faith as you can the words of St. Thomas the Apostle: 'My Lord and my God!' The Church grants an indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days to her children as often as they say these words with faith, piety, and love while looking upon the Blessed Sacrament either during the elevation in the Mass or when exposed on the altar."

"Very well, Father, you may expect me."

"All right, Doctor, just think with what pleasure your own good mother will look down from heaven upon her dear boy at that moment. By her prayers she is leading you to the Savior that He may place His hands upon your head as He did upon the children of the Jewish mothers."

The Tryst

NANCY BUCKLEY

Through the misted light of early morn,
Through silvery shadows of scented dawn,
My pulses leap as I quickly run
To keep my tryst with the Lov'd One.

And there in the chapel's silence dim
A little red lamp burns bright for Him.
Like my ardent heart it seems to soar
And touch with soft light the Golden Door.

The bell rings low and He comes to me,
Just my own Love, with no majesty,
And all forgot is Life's grief and pain,
As He dwells in my throbbing heart again.

Each passing hour of my busy day
Is filled with light from that morning ray,
And ever closed is my heart to sin,
For I've kept the tryst of Love with Him.

The Cats and the Cardinal

MARY E. MANNIX

Chapter 1

IN THE SALON

NOT far from the Forest of Meudon, in the reign of Louis XIII of France, M. Denicourt, Chief Quartermaster of the Army, had a delightful country house which, owing to his numerous duties, he seldom visited, but which was always at the service of his friends, among whom was Cardinal de Richelieu. This great statesman and prelate, when worn out with the fatigues of his labors, occasionally availed himself of the kindness of his friend to go for a few days rest to the Château Denicourt, where a staff of competent servants kept everything in readiness for their master, or any visitor whom he might invite to partake of his generous hospitality.

One morning in April a handsome carriage stopped before the entrance to the Château, from which descended two ecclesiastics, accompanied by a *valet de chambre*. The ecclesiastics, wore long cloaks and broad-brimmed hats; they were about the same age—perhaps fifty, with clean-shaven faces and hair beginning to turn gray.

Obsequious servants were soon at the door to welcome them, and they were shown at once into a small but handsomely furnished salon, where a bright fire was burning. As they handed their cloaks to the valet it could be seen that one of the mantles was lined with red, which was also the color of the cassock of the taller and more dignified of the two, who placed upon his head a small round crimson skullcap and seating himself in a cushioned chair, stretched his long limbs to the fire, saying,

"Père Joseph, this is comfort! This is delightful."

"Yes, your Eminence, it is," replied his companion, who wore the brown, cinctured garb of a Franciscan Friar.

"Thank God!" answered the Cardinal fervently. "We can have a short respite here from labor, anxiety and care. Let us throw them all to the winds, for a few days at least."

But the Franciscan, standing erect with one hand upon the table furnished with all the materials for writing, replied,

"With the permission of your Eminence, I will first transcribe the cipher despatch which arrived last night from Lorraine, as well as the latest received from Toulouse, Strassburg, Madrid and London. When they are completed, I beg to have the honor of reading them to your Eminence."

"Very well—do as you please about that. It seems that you do not know the meaning of the word 'rest,' Père Joseph," answered the Cardinal. "Poor man, I suppose you cannot help it—but I have no doubt you sleep well at night, not having, after all, any real responsibilities. As for me, my nights are wakeful and restless. I have not slept a wink for thirty-six hours—I must do so now."

"Certainly, your Eminence," answered the Franciscan. "It will take me some time to finish the despatches, and I shall see that you are not disturbed. But perhaps it would be better for me to summon Charles, who can show you to your rooms. I fancy you can sleep better there than here."

"Not at all, not at all," answered the Cardinal impatiently. This luxurious *fauteuil*, that cheerful fire, make me pleasantly drowsy. I shall do very well here, Père Joseph."

"As it pleases your Eminence," replied the monk, opening a large portfolio which he took from the pocket of his robe and seating himself at the table where presently his pen could be heard busily scratching the paper.

The Cardinal, placing a cushion behind his back, closed his eyes and was soon in deep slumber.

Like many great men Cardinal de Richelieu had a hobby—some would call it a weakness. He was passionately fond of cats, keeping them at various places of residence—especially in country houses, where they would enjoy their liberty, and afford him amusement when he visited their abodes.

At the Château Denicourt he had two, of a very fine breed, excellently cared for until now, by Mathisson, the major-domo of the family.

After the Cardinal had slept an hour and a half he awoke, feeling greatly refreshed. He rose, stretched his arms above his head and stood for a moment watching Père Joseph, who looked up, smiling, from his despatches, saying,

"Your Eminence has had a good sleep. I could not even hear you breathing."

"Yes, I feel wonderfully fine after it. Are you about ready for me to sign, Père Joseph?"

"In half an hour, at farthest, your Eminence."

"Very well. I believe I will have in the cats while I wait. I have not seen them for six months. I am curious to know whether they have forgotten me."

"Your Eminence may rest assured that they

have not," answered the Friar. "Shall I ring for Mathisson?"

"Yes, do," said the Cardinal.

The monk pulled the bellrope three times. Presently an elderly man appeared. He made a low obeisance to the Cardinal, who said,

"Ah, you are there, Mathisson? Send me my cats."

Again the man bowed low. "Pardon, Monseigneur," he replied, "but—"

"But what?"

"One of them is dead!"

"I thought you took great care of them, Mathisson."

"So I do, Monseigneur. I have followed your directions as to food and exercise, in every particular. Begging your pardon a thousand times, Monseigneur, you will remember that I also once ventured to suggest that their food was too rich, and too plentiful. The result has proven I was right. Mattine is dead—from no other cause."

The Cardinal smiled, amused at the frank, independent attitude of the old retainer.

"Fetch Matton, then," he said.

"I will fetch him, your Eminence, but he has grown so lazy from want of exercise, that I fear you will not derive much pleasure from his company."

"Lazy from want of exercise!" exclaimed the Cardinal. "When I was so particular to impress upon you that he must have plenty. I am not pleased with you, Mathisson!"

"I am sorry, Monseigneur, but my principle holds," answered Mathisson, imperturbably. "The rich food, the overfeeding, are responsible—for that also. Gluttons and gourmands seldom take exercise. How can they when they are gorged? Pardon, Monseigneur, I wish to do my duty, but—"

"Enough!" cried the Cardinal. "Fetch Matton at once. You talk too much."

The face of the old servant flushed, but bowing silently, he left the room.

In a few moments a valet appeared, carrying a red velvet cushion, on which lay an enormous Angora cat, fast asleep.

He deposited it at the Cardinal's feet and left the room.

Richelieu took the cat in his arms. It opened one eye—closed it again—opened the other, and buried its head in the fur of its neck. He dandled it to and fro, put his cheek to its face—called it by name, but it only repeated the previous proceeding. At length, with a disgusted and impatient gesture, he threw it on the sofa, hoping thus to arouse it to some resemblance of feeling. But it crouched in the

corner, heaved a sigh, and returned to its interrupted dream.

"Stupid animal!" cried the Cardinal. "I never saw anything like it. Last year it was so jolly, and now one can compare it to nothing but an oyster."

Then he rang the bell for Mathisson. When the old man came the Cardinal said,

"Take that beast away, and starve him—yes, literally starve him for three or four days. Then feed him on half-rations for a week, giving him only the simplest food. If that does not alter his present condition, do what you please with him. Only in that case I never wish to see him again."

"Yes, your Eminence," replied the servitor, not lifting his eyes from the ground as he picked up the lazy animal, and carried it from the room.

When he had gone the Cardinal turned to Père Joseph with a yawn.

"I am still sleepy," he said. "Are your despatches ready?"

"Yes, your Eminence. Just finished," replied the monk. "I am at your service."

"Let us go into the garden for a breath of fresh air," said the Cardinal. "It is very close in this room. We will sit on the bench beneath the lilacs and you can read to me what you have done."

(To be continued)

Captains in Christ's Army

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCH, S. J.

A new and popular series of lives of the saints is being published under the above title in England. It is a very appropriate name for great Christian heroes like Francis and Philip Neri, and Ignatius Loyola and Francis of Assisi. For they all led the higher life with Christ, they achieved great things for His cause, they rendered conspicuous service in His army. They all did noble work in the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God.

The world today stands in great need of ideals. The late war has indeed produced heroes, soldiers and captains who fought bravely on the field of carnage and led their fellows to glorious victory. But not to all is it given to imitate these worthies. In fact, some of our public men do not think it well to celebrate too exclusively the heroism of war, lest our youth grow up under the false impression that only in bloody strife can true heroism be shown.

What we want, Professor William James said many years ago, is something to take the place of heroism of war, i. e., "the moral equivalent of war." Our young men, and our young

women too, need true ideals of moral heroism. He even advocates the practice of Christian asceticism, as it was illustrated in the lives of the "captains in Christ's army." He sings the praises of "religious poverty" which was practiced by practically all of Christ's distinguished followers.

"Poverty is, indeed, the strenuous life," said Professor James, "without brass bands or uniforms or hysterical popular applause or lies or circumlocutions; and when one sees the way in which wealth-getting enters as an ideal into the very bone and marrow of our generation, one wonders whether a revival of the belief that poverty is a worthy religious vocation may not be the 'transformation of military courage,' and the spiritual reform which our time stands most in need of."

He concludes by asking his audience to "ponder seriously" this matter. For "the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers."

Now the saints of Christ practiced not only poverty, but many other individual and social virtues to an "heroic degree." The latter phrase often occurs in decrees of their "beatification," i. e., in the documents which officially state that they were "saints."

But men and women who attained to the full stature of heroic sanctity are real leaders in

Christ's army. They are the most excellent ideals we can propose to ourselves for imitation. The presence of many saints among us would make for a happier society. The saints are the chosen friends of God, they are an honor to any nation, city or community.

Numerous cities, streams and mountains bear the names of illustrious saints. The list of those place-names in Volume IX of the "Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia" which recall some saint, covers seventeen columns. These are only English names. If we add names in other languages, thousands of other saints' names would be added.

God is indeed wonderful in His saints. The world perforce honors them for their heroic striving for sanctity and for their splendid contributions to human welfare.

As members of the Church which has the note of sanctity, which treasures the means of sanctification, and has throughout her long history been glorified by millions of saintly lives, we should be proud of our spiritual relationship with these captains and leaders in Christ's army. We belong to the Communion of Saints. Whenever we recite the creed we state our belief in that doctrine. We have no worthier object in life than that of imitating more closely one of the illustrious worthies of Christ's army.

Travel

MARY E. SULLIVAN

THE love of travel is not caused by ordinary restlessness. It springs originally from the universal craving of the soul for something different from its usual environment.

"It also comes from a legitimate longing for that broader education which only personal study of other races, civilizations, and religions can bestow. And, finally, it arises from a yearning for the joy and benefit of realizing history by visiting the ancient shrines of art, the homes or sepulchres of heroes, and the arena of heroic deeds. When such desires are once awakened, to travel is to live; to remain continually in one place is to stagnate."—John L. Stoddard.

When one starts out on a journey, all cares are left behind with old scenes and tiresome tasks. A feeling of relief mingled with the joy of expectation hovers in the adventurer's soul as he goes forth to meet new scenes, new people, and unique experiences, for "the primary pleasure of going abroad, consists in the encounter with the unfamiliar and the unknown."

The traveler is agog with anticipation of this encounter as his train rolls out of the city over the countryside, in the short space of twenty-four hours transporting him, perhaps, from wintry blasts to the warmth and beauty of a land of roses.

Magazines and other periodicals, bestowed by friends who came to the station to see the tourist off, are tossed aside for the enjoyment of viewing the alluring ever-changing landscape. What special article, short story, news or poem, he asks himself, could ever rival the attraction of river, lake, sombre forest, verdant mountain, or restless, foam-flecked ocean. He begrudges a moment's distraction from the view and from the pleasing fancies it awakens.

Perchance the traveler is seated on the deck of a steamer outward bound from a great city, its towering buildings standing dark and gaunt against the western sky brilliant in the gorgeous coloring of a setting sun. Intent upon its fast receding beauty, he watches the scene absorbingly. Usually, only when day-

light has dropped away from the world and night broods over all, when stars come fluttering into the sky and lamps are lighted within does the tourist on boat or train condescend to socialibility with his fellow-travelers. The conversation frequently begins with "Where do you come from and where are you going?"

"I come from China where I spent the past six months," replied my seat-mate on a recent railroad trip. "I was on the Pacific nineteen days. I'm returning to my home in Denmark."

"Denmark!" I exclaimed. "You speak with an English accent!"

"Yes," he replied, "I lived three years in London. My wife is English and I am what you may call a 'globe-trotter'."

The "globe-trotter" immediately began a narration of various experiences, providing excellent entertainment for all who heard his tales of travel, sojourn, and adventure in foreign lands. His evident first-hand knowledge of the history and customs of the Orient was impressive. It had the effect of making the rest of us feel quite ignorant and keenly desirous to become "globe-trotters" ourselves. We listened with intense interest as he told unique experiences, particularly that of observing government officers searching for smuggled opium abroad a steamship bound from Hong Kong to "Frisco."

Three officers worked unceasingly during the voyage, examining every nook and cranny with keenest vigilance and vigorous action. Seemingly, they were alert to every possible or conceivable scheme of concealment; nevertheless, only on the day before the arrival of the ship in port was their quest successful. Then the passengers were amazed to hear this order given, with sweeping gesture, to the captain of the ship,

"Empty those tanks!"

The captain, dismayed, protested; whereupon, the chief customs officer, with greater severity of mien and thundering voice repeated the order, and the captain set the stolid Chinese crew to work drawing off the water. At the bottom of the tanks there was revealed an enormous quantity of opium in hermetically-sealed cans!

Travel not only is the source of various interesting experiences and incidents. It affords constant opportunity to study human nature in new environments and varying circumstances. While "resorting" a few weeks in a small town, one finds pleasure in comparing the leisurely mode of life of its people with the beat-the-clock rush and whirl of big-city folks. Within a week after the "resorter's" arrival his host has "volunteered" the life-histories of all the

townpeople of note, the bankers, the hotel proprietor, the newly appointed postmaster, the genial school superintendent, and the prosperous merchant. A few days later he confides information concerning the "ups and downs" in the lives of the neighbors and their relatives, of blighted youthful romances as well as of those that ended happily. He delights in dwelling upon those romances of bygone days as he sits under the trees with you on a sunny afternoon. He is likely to call your attention to Miss Lizzie Spink, heiress to a quarter of a million, but gowned *a la* the fashions of eighteen-sixty-one sauntering down the street. He whispers that she is president of the Progressive Literary Society and was the youthful sweetheart of Henry Jefson, the thrice-be-reaved widower "baching" in the rambling dilapidated house next door, that Henry is the possessor of half a million dollars and has had a street named after him. You eye Lizzie curiously as she approaches, wondering how she now regards her girlhood lover. You observe that Lizzie tilts her head imperiously as she trips by his scraggly garden. The withering hollyhocks bow to her, but Henry playing solitaire on the porch, sees her not. The mail man arrives with the copy of the "Mid-West News." After a brief perusal of its columns the townsman and the "resorter" fall into a discussion of national prohibition and universal disarmament.

Association with people holding different viewpoints from our own usually produces a mutually desirable effect. It teaches us to be tolerant although it may, at the same time, confirm us in our own ideas. A great thinker wrote, "Our own ideas are clarified when we make friends with persons of a different way of thinking. Every man seemeth right in his own eyes; but his neighbor cometh and trieth him."

On my first arrival in New Orleans I remarked to my companion, "I should like to live always in this land of sunshine and of flowers!"

"T--k of the monotony of a never-changing season!" she replied.

"I think I could endure the delights of perpetual summer!" I said reflectively.

"Can you imagine a *merry* Christmas?" she asked, "without a snowy landscape, crisp, cold air and all that is suggestive of gathering around the yuletide fireside?"

I confessed that I could not.

While wintering in the South, I often heard expositions of that Southerner's viewpoint from an Alabama woman of aristocratic lineage. Consequently, I returned from my first trip to the South with a clearer and more sym-

pathetic understanding of the attitude of the Southerner on the Negro question.

A year later I was one of a group of Northerners visiting in Mobile. We whole-heartedly assisted our hostess in making evergreen wreaths with which to decorate the soldiers' graves. On Memorial day we accompanied her to the cemetery, and we reverently laid the wreaths on the headstones. As we were about to leave the graveyard, a lady from St. Paul suddenly observed, "We've forgotten the graves in that far-off corner where the American flag is flying! Let's go over there at once!"

"You must go without me," our hostess declared. "Those are the graves of Yankee soldiers! I can not, I will not go near them!" and she turned homeward.

Indignation flamed in our breasts. We glanced at each other significantly but, remembering the "lost cause" and all that, for her, its memory involved, we checked our wrath and walked silently to the far corner. There, deeply moved, we laid our tributes on the graves of our Northern boys asleep with their brothers in gray.

When we returned to the house our hostess met us at the door.

"I beg you all to forgive my churlish conduct," she said with quivering voice, her warm Southern blood stirred to a steadier rhythm. "I'm ashamed of myself!"

Travel occasionally effects an improvement in one's disposition; it develops character, for the traveler must learn to be patient in vexatious situations, courageous and self-forgetful in danger, and agreeable under all circumstances. Travel, I think, invariably leads to a more optimistic, as well as a broader view of life. As after even a short journey one returns with a greater appreciation of his home, so after traveling in other lands, the tourist comes back with a more deeply rooted patriotism.

One moonlight night I was admiring the shimmering splendor of Niagara Falls from the veranda of an inn on the Canadian side. Turning eagerly to a resident of the place, I exclaimed, "How you must enjoy this wonderful scene! Isn't it fine to have the opportunity to see it every day?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "but there's one day when I abominate the sight!"

"Is it possible?" I asked. "What day is that?"

"The Fourth of July when the American flag flies over the Falls."

"My blood boiled" but I bridled my tongue. Silence proved to be a sharp, scorn-dealing weapon. My aggressor sheepishly withdrew while I confess, I exulted inwardly over the fancied sight of America's flag fluttering vic-

toriously above that roaring cataract on Independence day.

During the past summer two companions and I were guests in the home of a friend in Montreal. American flags ornamented the dining-room in our honor on the occasion of a dinner-party. It was a merry gathering. The conversation drifted to the World War, the part played in it by our boys and the boys of Canada. A genial Canadian remarked that, some day, the United States and Canada would be united. All seemed to accept his statement with cheerful good-fellowship. Suddenly a judge's wife from Ottawa, turning to us with cheeks aflame, inquired, "Now, really, my Dears, how do you think you would enjoy living under the government of Canada?"

For a moment we were speechless. This was a contingency which our imaginations had never conceived. No loyal American, I'm sure, has ever dreamed of it. We replied laughingly, however, that we had always been curious to know how Canada would some day enjoy being a part of the U. S. A.

The Fourth of July found us in a Canadian hamlet which nestles at the foot of the hills on the bank of the St. Lawrence. It is opposite the uninhabited Island of Orleans. Never, as on that day, have I felt so much of an alien in a foreign land, and never have I experienced deeper gratitude for blessings bestowed in my homeland. After breakfast, bedecked with red, white, and blue badges, we sauntered down the quaint, crooked street that led to the wharf. On our way we met another group of tourists similarly decorated. A comradeship immediately developed and a social chat ensued. We turned eagerly at the announcement, "There's a boat heading into port!"

The band on board began to play and we pricked up our ears to the tune of "America." We were instantly transported to home and country; we listened tensely, eagerly to catch the familiar words of the song. I shall never forget my chagrin nor the expression of disappointment on the faces of the others when we recognized "God Save the King." One of our young Americans "saved the day" for us. In subdued voice throbbing with home-love and radiating thrills of patriotism he sang, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing."

After experiencing real danger, the timid traveler grows courageous and adventurous. I was once aboard a steamer during a fearful storm. The wind, howling and shrieking like a hungry wolf, lashed the sea into turbulent hills and hollows. Women grew faint as the steamer mounted the crest of a towering wave,

pitched her straining bow into the trough of the sea, or rolled helplessly from side to side. A sudden violent lurch burst open stateroom doors, hurled seasick passengers from their beds, and pitched the furniture about. It seemed as if the hull of the monster ship would be torn to pieces, so great was the creaking and straining of the timbers. Many fervent prayers went up during the long dark night, mine among them. I made a firm resolve that, if by any possibility, I ever set foot on land again, on land I would remain for the rest of my natural life. I have made many water trips since then, however, for by that experience followed by our safe arrival in port, I came to know something of courage and to love adventure. A fire alarm on board a lake boat and a night adrift in a fog on Mobile Bay had a similar strengthening effect. These were occasions too when passengers and crew witnessed in their midst a display of genuine kindness, human brotherliness, and gallantry.

Another interesting phase of travel is the opportunity it affords to study localities, to imagine primitive conditions, and to make comparisons. One "realizes history" in tracing the migrations of different peoples. It is interesting, for instance, to note the similarity of architecture in the public buildings and homes of Quebec and in the old French quarter of New Orleans. The early settlers of Quebec, regardless of its rigorous climate, planned their houses exactly like those of their ancestors in France and their kinsmen in old New Orleans. How interesting it is to observe that the French in Quebec, so long under British rule, cling tenaciously to the French language and to old French customs, but that the French in New Orleans are gradually being assimilated. The old landmarks there are disappearing one by one; imposing modern buildings are being erected on their sites. This latter fact is really somewhat of a disappointment to the American tourist who found so much to interest him in the quaint homes, eating houses, government buildings, and churches of the old quarter. How wonderfully gay and mysterious were the fêtes staged in the famous opera house!

In the ancient citadel of ancient Quebec and on the Plains of Abraham we find the "sepulchres of heroes and the arena of heroic deeds." They recall the story of the terrible battle between the forces of Montcalm and Wolfe and the poet's words about Wolfe's victory—,

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave"—

and in fancy we see the English conqueror, like Montcalm, slain on the field of battle.

Every American delights in visiting those places in his own land where his countrymen have achieved fame in literature, in art, and in heroic deeds. There he is inspired with high ideals. Who of us has not thrilled at sight of the monument to Ethan Allen, or to the brave McDonough, or to the heroes of Bunker Hill? Who is not interested in Irvington and the Sleepy Hollow region? Mt. Auburn Cemetery, the old North Church, the road that rang with the hoofbeats of Paul Revere's spirited horse, and all the historic places in the environs of Boston will never fail to interest the American tourist; a love for these hallowed spots is his greatest heritage.

The City of Washington and its environs, however, visited on the homeward trail of a long journey, holds the greatest lure, is the object of greatest pride, and inspires the loyal American with truest patriotism. There the memory of countless American heroes is perpetuated in impressive paintings and in statues and monuments of bronze and of stone looming before him at every turn.

But nothing, it seems to me, could ever thrill one's soul so ardently as a first sight of the Capitol by moonlight; nothing ever inspire with greater appreciation of art than the interior of the Congressional Library illuminated at night; nothing, for the true American, ever surpass in patriotic inspiration a first sight of Mt. Vernon and the tomb of Washington. (How fitting, you observe, is the tolling of bells on passing boats on the Potomac.) Nevertheless, Arlington, sheltering thousands of our country's known and unknown heroes wrapped in eternal sleep is above and beyond all in its power to inspire patriotic reverence, genuine gratitude, and sublime affection.

In the Largest City

TERENCE FRANCIS BEEHAN

Oh why am I sad in the midst of life?
With thousands 'round me and lights very bright.
Ah! Will amusements take sadness away?
Will they give peace of mind e'en for a day?
In the largest city of all the world,
One should be happy 'neath banners unfurl'd.
My heart! At times it seems it will break,
In spite of the pleasures in which I partake!
Shrouded in sorrow, the deepest I've known,
My eyes look above—Will He hear my moan?
Depravity! ah now think of Him,
With a golden chalice filled to the brim.
"Come unto me,"—a kind Father's cry,
He's calling to you—won't you change—please try!

The Story of Glastonbury

FLORENCE GILMORE

THE romantic and beautiful story of Glastonbury is of peculiar interest to readers of *THE GRAIL*, for it was to Glastonbury, so the lovely legend goes, that St. Joseph of Arimathea carried the Holy Grail, and there was founded and flourished for many years the first and most glorious of the great Benedictine abbeys of England.

From the earliest times until the day of Henry VIII it was believed that St. Joseph of Arimathea and eleven companions were sent from Gaul by St. Philip, the Apostle, in the year 63 A. D. Bearing the Holy Grail the pilgrims reached Ynyswitrin or Avalon, as Glastonbury was then called, and on land given them by the king built a small church of osiers wattled together—the first Christian church in Great Britain. It was believed that St. Joseph and his friends lived as hermits in the neighborhood of the church and that their successors followed their example until the coming of St. Patrick, in 433. He gathered them into a community, became its prior, and dying, was buried at Glastonbury. Many years afterwards—about 944—St. Dunstan, who had been educated in the cloisters of the monastery, was named abbot, and he it was who introduced the Benedictine rule there.

Nor are these illustrious men the only ones associated with the early story of Glastonbury. Many saints lived and died there; scholars and kings were among its patrons, many of whom were buried within its walls: Venerable Bede; St. David; St. Aidan; King Coel, father of St. Helena; King Edmund, the Magnificent; King Edgar; and most renowned of all, King Arthur and Guinivere. It was in 1191 that their tomb was found within the abbey precincts.

An eyewitness set down the facts in a most matter-of-fact way, although there are many who doubt whether Arthur ever lived. Near the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, so his narrative relates, seven feet below the ground, was found a large stone in the under side of which was set a leaden cross. When the cross was removed it was seen that on its inner unexposed surface was carved the inscription, "Here lies buried King Arthur of England." Nine feet below this there was found a huge coffin, hollowed out of the trunk of an oak, and divided into two compartments. The larger contained a man's bones, of enormous size, the smaller those of a woman, and near them lay a tress of golden hair which crumbled into dust as soon as the air touched it. As the quaint account

reads, "The Abbot and Convent receiving the Remains with great joy, translated them to the great Church, placing the King's Body by itself at the upper Part of a noble Tomb, divided into two parts, and the Queen at the feet, in the Choir before the High Altar, where they rest in Magnificent Manner to this Day."

As the centuries passed, little by little, the Benedictine abbey of St. Mary in Glastonbury became one of the most famous, one of the most edifying, and the richest in all England. In its heyday it had an annual revenue of about \$175,000. Its buildings were among the most beautiful in the world; it had a magnificent library, vast stores of silver and gold and jewels for use in the sanctuary, and hundreds of acres of fertile land. An interesting inventory of its possessions includes also such humbler treasures as "892 oxen, 60 bullocks, 233 cows, 6717 sheep, and 327 swine."

The monastery was princely not only in its wealth, but also in its charity and hospitality. A thousand men were dependent upon it for the maintenance of their families; day after day the poor were fed at its gates and travelers were welcomed and sheltered; in the library a number of men were constantly employed in illuminating missals and breviaries and transcribing books of devotion, theological works, the classics of Greece, and the best of medieval literature.

God's own peace reigned at Glastonbury for many years, and then the end came swiftly, but yet after repeated warnings. The story is one of the saddest ever told. Henry VIII needed money, the monasteries were rich and defenceless, and he determined to destroy them and seize their treasures. He began with the smaller houses, so Glastonbury was among the last to fall and had foreseen its fate long before the blow was struck. Its buildings were destroyed, its last abbot martyred, and its monks dispersed. Lands, cattle, gold and silver plate, jewels, and vestments became the property of Henry and his favorites. The poor were left friendless, and laborers without employment. The once happy monks dragged out a wretched existence, penniless, hungry, homeless. For many a year there were private parlors in England hung with altar cloths from Glastonbury, beds and tables covered with copes from its vestment cases, and cushions made of chasubles or Benediction veils. Saddest of all, chalices were used as drinking cups.

The treasures of the great library had no

value in the eyes of Henry and his nobles, and books of parchment, exquisitely illuminated, were sold by the wagon-load to be used for lighting fires and wrapping parcels. Every dealer in the neighborhood was surfeited with them for years after the destruction of the abbey.

Of the magnificent buildings hardly a stone was left upon a stone. The lead used in roofing, and for the coffins of the illustrious dead buried beneath its altars, was sold to the highest bidders. Exquisitely carved stones from the church, the lacy tracery of arches, shrines, and tombs, mutilated statues, once as beautiful as any that ever came from the hand of man, and even broken glass from the painted windows were carted away to build a road across the marshes.

Men who have made architecture their life study name Glastonbury as the finest example of their art that ever existed in England, but the ruin is so complete that now it is of interest only to artists and archaeologists. The buildings were purely and exquisitely Gothic, of a style which marked the transition from Norman to "Early English," and the workmanship was finer than anything to be found elsewhere in England of any period. Today, sheep graze within the precincts of what was England's proudest church, and horses are tethered over the graves of heroes and saints.

One curious relic still exists. The church clock, removed before Henry's men destroyed the building, was carried to Wells and placed in the cathedral there. It was made in 1322. The outer circle of the disc has twenty-four hours upon it, another within this shows the minutes, and a third gives the phases of the moon. Above the dial is an embattled tower in which knights on horseback revolve in opposite directions every hour as the clock strikes, and represent a mimic tournament.

Blessed Richard Whiting was fifty-ninth and last abbot of Glastonbury. He was an old man when he was chosen, in 1524—wise, gentle, charitable; a lover of poverty in the midst of wealth. Firmly and well he ruled his hundred monks, and three hundred lay associates. He supported a large number of students at the universities, and frequently entertained as many as five hundred guests at one time.

For eleven years after his election all went well, and if the air was full of threatening rumors they did not ruffle Glastonbury's peace. Then Layton came, the most malicious and unscrupulous of the "visitors" sent by Henry and his minister, Cromwell. His work was to weigh the monasteries in a balance of his own and find them wanting. Even he could discover

nothing to criticize at Glastonbury. "At Glastonbury there is nothing notable," he wrote to Cromwell; "The brethren be so straight kept that they cannot offend."

The crisis was only delayed. The abbey's riches were its ruin. Four years after Layton's first visit Henry's commissioners again appeared at the monastery gates. They searched the Abbot's quarters and found a book of arguments against the divorce of Henry and Catherine, which Layton declared showed plainly the old monk's "cankered and traitorous mind against the King's Majesty and his successors." So the Abbot was sent to London and imprisoned in the Tower, where he was kept while the monastery was being sacked and the community dispersed. Two months later his trial took place. We know from Cromwell's own words what a mockery that trial was. His note book has been preserved, and in it are these words: "Item. The Abbot of Glastonbury to be tried at Glastonbury and executed there." Thus was the verdict settled before the evidence had been produced or the defence heard.

On the fifteenth of November, 1539, the feeble old man and two companions were dragged on a hurdle to the top of a hill which overlooked the desecrated monastery, and there "he took his death very patiently." After he had been hanged, drawn, and quartered, his head was struck over the monastery gate, and his dismembered body was distributed among the adjacent towns. His watch and seal are still preserved in a museum at Glastonbury. He was beatified, in 1895, by Leo XIII.*

Even so short and superficial an account of Glastonbury would be incomplete were no mention made of the famous Glastonbury Thorn, a variety of hawthorn, originally found only at Glastonbury. It has the peculiarity of flowering twice in the year, at Christmas time, and in May. The legend is that the original tree grew from the staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea which was thrust in the ground and took root. Curiously enough the first written mention of it which has been preserved to us is from the pen of Layton. Writing to Cromwell, after the sacking of Glastonbury, he says, "By this bringer, my servant, I send you relics: first, two flowers, wrapped in white and black sarsenet, that on Christmas eve, at the hour when Christ was born, will spring and burgeon, and bear flowers."

Many slips had been taken from the original tree before it was cut down by a fanatical

* The feast of Blessed Richard Whiting is observed on Dec. 1.—EDITOR.

Puritan soldier. The trees which grew from them still bloom twice a year; but those which were planted from its haws flower only in May. Botanists are not agreed as to the origin of the Glastonbury Thorn, so may we not cling to the beautiful old belief, and love it as a souvenir of the gentle saint who bore the Holy Grail across land and sea to Glastonbury?

St. Veronica of Milan

A. C. McK.

IT is a common error to think of the saints, those heroes of the Church, as living in conditions far removed from our own, and that their lives can be nothing to us of inspiration, confidence, strength or example. They were men and women, born of the same flesh and blood as we are, subject to the same trials and difficulties, burdened with the same crosses, knowing the same joys and sorrows; men and women of their day as we are men and women of our own. To them were given the same sacraments, for them the same infallible teaching voice spoke, upon them were bestowed the same graces and benedictions we receive.

Near the beautiful and magnificent city of Milan toward the middle of the Fifteenth Century lived the parents of St. Veronica. During the lifetime of our saint Milan was the scene of brilliant life and entertainment, and so rich and magnificent that it was called the most happy city in Italy. Among the rich and the noble as well as those of humble life, many were faithful and diligent in the practice of our Holy Faith, assisting frequently, and many of them daily, at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, as an ever increasing number of Catholic men and women in our own land do today.

The parents of St. Veronica were poor in this world's goods, but rich in many virtues. They made their living by working in the fields. Their circumstances prevented Veronica from attending school, and she never learned to read or write, or perhaps, like the great St. Catherine of Sienna, she learned late in life. Her mother's devout example and simple and fervent instruction filled her young heart with strong sentiments of virtue and a great love of God. When Veronica began to talk her first words were the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and her little hands, guided by her mother, made the sign of all Christians, the sign of the Cross. Beautiful, indeed, is the home life of the Christian family, and noble and holy the calling of the Catholic mother.

Often in the quiet of the evening Veronica knelt in loving prayer before the picture of

Mary, and often, too, before the altar of the Lord she knelt in silence in the company of those angels that surround the throne of the Eucharistic Savior. Who can describe the holy joy and the pure delight of heart when in her first Holy Communion she received Him in the Sacrament of His Love?

At an early age she began work in the fields near her home. She was diligent and untiring in her labor, and so obedient to her parents and superiors, so humble and submissive to her companions that she seemed never to do her own will. Her fellow workers respected her love of solitude. While at work she kept a little distance from them that she might the better converse with her Lord. When they came close to her they always found her cheerful, though often in tears, but they did not know the source to be devotion, so carefully did she conceal what passed in her soul.

Through a divine call to the religious life, she conceived a great desire to become a nun in the convent of St. Martha in Milan. After three years' preparation she was clothed with the habit. Her life was a living copy of her rule, which consisted in the practice of evangelical perfection reduced to certain holy exercises. So great was her devotion to the hidden life of Our Lord in the Tabernacle that when prevented by duty or obedience from spending as much time in the church as she desired, she deserved to hear Him say that obedience was a sacrifice most dear to Him, who to obey His Father's will came down from heaven, "becoming obedient even unto death."

For three years she was afflicted with a lingering illness. During this time she would never be excused from any duty of the house or her work, or make use of the least indulgence, though she had leave. It was her delight to help and serve every one. She always sought with humility the lowest place and the greatest drudgery. She was favored by God with many extraordinary visits and comforts, and died at the hour she foretold, in the year 1497, and in the fifty-second of her age. Her sanctity was confirmed by miracles. Her name is inserted in the Roman Martyrology, published by Pope Benedict XIV in 1749, on the 13th of January.

In her youth St. Veronica had none of the advantages which come with education or contact with men and women of culture. Her sole inspiration was her Church. It taught her in the simple clear language of truth. Her fidelity was the proof of its teaching. Her frequent reception of the Sacraments gave her that true culture of heart which the great ones of the world might envy, and her prayers and penances obtained from heaven an abundance of graces.

Moll and Mike

F. H. SWEET

A RUDE heart, marked with a piece of chalk, decorated the little cracked looking-glass in Mike's room. There was nothing specific about it, nothing individually damaging or incriminating, so it had been allowed to remain. It had remained ten years.

Lying conspicuously on the box-made washstand, but only when Mike was in the room, was a much worn red mitten. He had picked it up some ten years before, knowing to whom it belonged. It had never been returned. On the stand, also, were Mike's missal and testament. Pinned to the wall behind was an emblem of his being a Knight of Columbus. All of which would show that the red mitten was something near his heart. But when Mike was out of his room, the mitten lay securely hidden in the bottom of his trunk, nestling close beside a valentine.

The valentine was the key to the mitten and the looking-glass decoration, and antedated them by several days. It was a costly affair. The "25¢" had never been erased from its back. As a boy Mike had been bashful, as a young man more so. Then came the valentine, straight through the United States post office and brought out by the R. F. D., with his full name printed in bold, irregular letters. There had been no mistake.

It made a man of him, just as battles sometimes make heroes of clay. For the first time in his life he raised his eyes and looked into girls' faces. He studied them. Inside of twenty-four hours he found the right one, and made her confess. In a week they were promised.

But Moll was in service at \$3 a week and board, just as Mike was a stable boy at \$6. Mike wanted to own or rent a little farm; Moll had her heart set on three rooms with a stove and a rag carpet and melodeon. But such things cost money. So they waited and saved. Therefore the heart on the looking-glass and the mitten of the washstand and trunk.

The chalk heart had caused many a razor cut on Mike's happy face, for he had to twist and screw his features and peer in order to find enough space to shave by. And the mitten and valentine had caused many a moment of bashful trepidation at the sudden entrance of his employer or one of the family, while he sprang frantically to hide the thrilling objects in his trunk or under the bed clothes. And yet the joy of them had carried him as a man among men through the ten years, until the tragedy that proved—But wait.

Mike was driving some pigs to market, when Moll passed him behind a fast horse. Mike recognized the horse. It belonged to a town young man. And its owner was in the buckboard beside Moll, leaning toward her and laughing. The girl looked happy and flushed. Mike was just slipping from the bushes with a straying pig, and saw without being seen. A stifled groan followed by a slow clenching of teeth made him oblivious of the pig squirming from his arms and squealing back into the bushes. He had never seen Moll with a man before, much less with a man leaning toward her, and enjoying herself.

A half hour was lost in rounding up the pig and getting it and its fellows together. And by that time Mike's heart had gone through throes of anguish and hopelessness and renunciation and reprisal. He would draw his savings of ten years—\$390—and go off on a big spree. That would make her sorry, for she knew he never touched liquor. Or, no, that would be foolish. Better take his money and go far off into the West and never let her know anything of his fate. Still, he might not like the West. Why not buy a fast horse—faster than the town man owned—and then flash back and forth in front of the place where she worked, and never ask her to ride. That would show his utter indifference. What was money worth but to spend, if one wasn't looking forward to a home with the girl he loved?

First, he went to the bank and drew all his money. Then he walked up the main street, brooding and plotting. A dry goods store was opposite. As he glanced over he saw Moll come out with some bundles. For a moment she seemed to hesitate, then she walked round to the big show window and paused to examine its display.

Mike was in front of a saloon. Obeying a sudden impulse he rushed in.

"Give me a bottle o' real stuff, quick!" he ordered. "Anything—rum—gin—whisky—I don't care."

A bottle was placed upon the counter. "One dollar," said the barkeeper.

Mike unwrapped a dollar from his roll and darted back to the sidewalk. Moll was still looking into the show window. Stepping off into the gutter and assuming a swaggering position, Mike gave a loud cough. Moll turned. As she did so, Mike threw back his head, turned the bottle over his mouth and made a noisy gurgling sound.

He heard Moll's low exclamation of horror and saw her face whiten. Then she started toward him. Mike lurched to the sidewalk, staggering wildly from side to side.

A policeman saw also and started toward him. That made Mike dodge into an alley, dropping the still corked bottle into a rubbish barrel when out of sight. For an hour or more he wandered about unfrequented ways, disgusted and forlorn, angry now more at himself than at Moll. Reprisal was a miserable failure. That white face showed that she did care, that she was hurt. Perhaps she liked him as well as she did the town man.

He didn't want to go on a spree any more. He had no desire for a fast horse. He didn't even care to remain in the neighborhood. All that was left was the West. So finally his reluctant feet brought him to the station. He did not know the time of the trains, but would wait until one came.

It seemed more shady back of the freight house, and few people would be there to see him. He could wait until people began to gather at train time, then get his ticket and be ready to jump on board.

As he turned the corner he heard low, unrestrained sobbing. A crouching figure occupied the end of a long bench. He would have dodged back, but several packages were lying on the platform. One of them was being nosed about by a strange dog. With a few quick steps he kicked the dog, yowling, from the platform and picked up the package. As he did so he gave a little gasp, for there, right in front of his eyes, was his own name in bold, irregularly printed letters, just like it was on the valentine.

He raised his gaze quickly. The woman's face had been covered by her apron. At the dog's yelp she had let the apron fall. He was looking straight into the frightened, reproachful eyes of Moll.

"You here," he gasped, when he could find his voice—"watchin' me?"

"No, goin' off, dully. 'Cause ye was drunk." "Wa'n't," energetically. "I didn't take the cork out the bottle. The Blessed Virgin can be my witness. 'Tis truth I'm tellin'. I was pretendin'. 'Cause ye was ridin' with that Ben Zooter."

"I wa'n't—on purpose. He's nephew to the woman I work for, an' was takin' us into town for a day's visit. I was hired, an' had to do what was said. I was goin' to help with the cookin' to the place we visit. Then Miss Tott was took sick, an' she an' him had to go back. They sent me on with the nephew to get medicine. But he talked so I wouldn't go back with

him. I let him have the medicine, an' said I'd walk. But I didn't mean to go back never any more on 'count o' him. I thought—I bought some things, then saw you with the bottle, an'—an' I drew all my money—\$192—meanin' to visit a cousin, Mrs. McCarthy, in Buffalo. But how'd you see? I didn't notice you was anywhere round."

"I was comin' out the brush with a pig in my arms. But, say, I drew all my money, too, an' was goin' to the Injun country. 'Cause you was ridin' with Ben."

Moll giggled. "Ain't it funny?"

"Real so. But say, acushla," suddenly, "ye must like me some, for my name's writ on the broken-open bundle o' things—razor an' lookin' glass an' mug an' all. Say, you like me same as ever?"

Moll bobbed her head. "Them things was for your birthday, Mike," she smiled. "But after I seen the bottle I didn't care for 'em any more. When I bought I—I—"

"Say, Moll, 'spose we light out together," earnestly. "I asked for a raise only last week. The boss said no, I wa'n't worth more'n six. Think of it, a man growed! I shan't go back. Now there's the little farm I told you 'bout, ten miles over back the woods. I can pay for half, an' more, an' they'll wait for the rest. An—"

"I can do the furnishin', an' buy a cow an' pig an' some hens—an' the melodeon," she interrupted. "I—I thought of the farm when I 'lowed I wouldn't go back."

"Glory be!" yelled Mike, jumping into the air. "Then we'll go find the priest at once, then go to the farm. Will it be so, Moll?"

The girl gave him a shy glance, then traced with the toe of a big shoe, in the thick dust of the platform, a bold, irregularly printed "Y-E-S."

How beautiful is the silent, patient life of the tabernacle, that prison-house of love. Everything about our Lord has such endurance.
—Faber.

After Communion

ELIZABETH VOSS

Beloved God, eternal light—
My hope, my all,—of gracious might!
Thou, Jesus, art my Love divine,
To Thee I give this heart of mine;
Then know I that I live secure
In Thee, and I can all endure;
As cleaves my heart, my one desire,
To love of sanctifying fire;
My soul from sin so lifted free
Increases Thirst of Love for Thee.

Overcoming Cowardliness

REV. WILLIAM SCHAEFERS

We all admire and like the courageous man. We frown upon, if we do not actually despise, the cowardly man.

Cowardliness is often the result of ignorance, more often the result of an unbalanced imagination.

Nothing so irritates and displeases the coward as when, through a culmination of events in the midst of a mixture of circumstances, his weakness is made manifest to his neighbors. For the coward is the weakest of men and of his weakness he is deeply ashamed. It seems paradoxical, but the fact is that sometimes cowardliness makes a hero of the coward. A good example is the cowardly soldier marching into battle. He becomes so fearful of the officers seeing his cowardliness that, in a moment of desperation, he redeems the situation by a sudden act of bravery. In other words, his deep shame of his cowardliness begot contempt of danger. Examples of this kind furnish food for thought of speculation to the psychologist.

But ordinarily, a coward remains the coward, unless he train himself. Just as the runner, knowing that his weakness is in starting, will practice daily in getting away to a quick start, just as the young man, knowing that his weakness is his carelessness in choosing his companions, will train himself to pick his companions prudently, so let the coward, having made a list of the things he is afraid to do, practice and train himself in overcoming those fears.

Is he afraid to decline to gamble because the "gang" will "kid" him? Is he afraid to be seen in company with his old-fashioned mother because the "smart set" will titter? Is he afraid to decline an invitation to a rotten burlesque show because the "bunch" will boo him? Is he afraid to tip his hat when passing a church because people might give him an ironical smile? Is he afraid to say he must first attend Mass before going on a Sunday picnic because the picnic crowd might josh him? Is he afraid to hand the devil a punch and avoid places of ill repute because some shameless vamp might call him Percy?

Any one or two or three, or, perhaps, all of these are "bitter doses," in the imagination of the coward, which must be manfully swallowed if he would desire to be made whole. What if the gang does kid him because he refuses to gamble? He will feel better when he hands the pastor an extra dollar for the orphans of the parish. What if the smart set does titter when he is seen in company with his old-fash-

ioned mother? He will feel better when, on arriving home, she smiles and thanks him for his escort. What if the bunch does boo him because he refuses to attend a rotten burlesque show? He will feel cleaner when he talks to his gentle, clean-hearted mother. What if people do give him an ironical smile when he tips his hat on passing a church? He will feel more sincere when making his First Friday Holy Communion. What if the picnic crowd does josh him because he refuses to go to the picnic until he has attended the Sunday morning Mass? He will feel less the hypocrite when he hears that the pastor has spoken well of him to his father. What if some shameless vamp does call him Percy because he refuses to enter places of ill repute? He will feel well repaid when he hears a sermon on God's love for the clean of heart.

Yes, when he has done all this, he will realize the greatness and the blessedness of being ever and always an upright, courageous man. It is after he has overcome his former cowardliness that he will look back with joy upon the ordeals he passed through in the perfection of his courage. There will be an honest look in his eyes, a new light in his soul, a greater and purer love in his heart and an attractive assurance in his bearing.

Let not, therefore, the coward pass up the challenge which his fears hurl in his teeth but, accepting the challenge, strenuously engage himself in the noble business of becoming a man, not minding the cost but rejoicing in the newly acquired virtue—courage.

The Mass is not a mere form of words. It is a great action—the greatest action that can be on earth.—Cardinal Newman.

Trust

FLORENCE GILMORE

Soon my road will turn quite sharply;
Where it leads I cannot see.
Are there hills beyond that turning,
Stony, black, without a tree?
Or, perhaps, fair, smiling meadows,
Sunny all the peaceful day?
Just one step before the turning:
God will guard me all the way.

Jesus

I wish that all would learn to know
The sweetness of Thy Name;
I'm sure 'twould peace on earth bestow,
And hearts with love inflame.
N., in *St. John's Record*.

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—“Science is a first rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber if he has common sense on the ground floor.”—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

—Grain alcohol is needed as a solvent for many medicines. A list recently made showed a grand total of 3,600 preparations.

—Laying telegraph and telephone lines at the rate of two miles a minute is the record reported from Sweden. Airplanes reeled off the wire, and two stations, six miles apart, communicated with each other in the incredibly short time of eight minutes.

—Imagine metal acting in the place of steam to drive an engine. This is the promise of a new invention which uses mercury vapor in special turbines. The machine will work much more efficiently than with steam, but has the drawback of the great cost of mercury together with the danger to workmen from leaks.

—Blue prints are now made at one operation. A continuous roll of sensitized paper travels slowly through the machine, receives the tracing paper, is exposed to a bank of arc lights, is developed and dried.

—Is it more economical to buy a new automobile or a used car? Experts are still divided as to the answer, some saying, yes, and others, no.

—Fish frozen quickly in brine at ten degrees Fahrenheit are said to retain their flavor and other physical qualities so that they cannot be distinguished from fresh fish.

—Football is more difficult than baseball for the spectator to follow. The larger fields throughout the country are now equipped with a cover-all scoreboard. The score, the possessor of the ball at the moment, the line from which the ball is to be played, the number of ‘downs,’ the yards to be gained, who ‘downed’ whom, and the minutes to play, all appear in big white figures on the board, whilst a miniature football on a replica of the yard lines shows the exact spot of the actual play.

—A telephone exchange in your own home will soon be a reality. The larger cities are gradually changing to the automatic telephone. The automatic telephone permits you to arrange the key board at central to your own satisfaction. By turning a dial located concentrically with the transmitter, the party who calls can select any desired number, be assured that his instrument is working, know that the receiving telephone is being rung at successive intervals, or receive a “busy” message. And all this without a telephone girl. The automatic machinery that makes this possible is a marvel of magnetic operations.

—The ten thousand francs offered for the first ten-yard flight in a plane without a motor was won recently in France. The only power used was leg power. A bicycle was equipped with two light planes. The winner set the planes perfectly horizontal, peddled furiously to the ‘take-off,’ whence, by tilting the planes, he

rose into the air and soared for thirteen yards. The total weight lifted was about two hundred pounds.

—Carrying home a bushel of potatoes as easily as the evening paper, or enjoying fresh peach pie during the peachless winter, is had with the recently perfected process of moist-air drying for vegetables and fruits. The process is called ‘dehydration.’ The old processes of drying fruits by dry air hardened and ruptured the food cells, thus permitting the loss of the flavor, color, and aroma. The new process, the drying by slightly moistened air, does not rupture the food cells, and even though the water is slowly withdrawn, the cells retain their even quality of nutriment and flavor.

—A light reinforcement for concrete roads has been found very useful in certain localities. A woven fence wire, heavily galvanized, has been used with success.

—Leprosy is being treated with chaulmoogra oil. Enough seeds of the tree have been sent to the United States to establish a promising plantation.

—The Paris police have developed a method for detecting forged handwriting. An enlarging camera is used to show details that scarcely ever vary with the same person. For example, the relation that exists between individual letters does not change. Should you make your “s” larger than your “i,” you will retain the same proportion whether you write larger or smaller. The ‘spears’ or tails of written letters, such as those of the p, q, etc., are peculiar to each individual, and even a handwriting expert will fail to reproduce them exactly.

—The largest ‘pop’ from pop-corn is had when the corn is heated slowly for three minutes before the popping commences. Laboratory experiments have shown that too great a heat in the beginning, or too slow a heat, will reduce the fluffy result to only one tenth of the possible product. The popping is due to steam formed inside the kernel but the water for this steam must first be generated by the heat from the constituents of the corn.

—The wireless wonders for the ordinary person are growing from day to day. Radiophones are broadcasting news, lectures, addresses, concerts, even grand opera. Farmers in Missouri, Wisconsin, and other states are receiving the weather forecasts, crop reports, concerts, and news by radio. Three chief problems still stand in the way of universal application. The first is the perfection of a low-priced receiving set that any body can operate over a wide range. The second is the elimination of disturbances, called ‘static,’ produced by electrical discharges in the atmosphere. The third is the solution of the mysteries of ‘pockets.’ These are places, for example Saratoga, N. Y., where for unknown reasons, messages cannot be received. Every radiograph expert claims that these problems will be solved eventually.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—An extraordinary privilege that was recently granted by the Holy See permitted the Bishop of Troyes, France, to ordain to the priesthood one of his deacons who lost a hand together with part of the arm from a wound received in the war.

—Rev. Lawrence Farrell, C. S. Sp., is now Central Director of the Association of the Holy Childhood in the United States.

—The Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, which is so ably edited by the scholarly Dr. Thomas P. Hart, passed its ninetieth birthday on October 22. Despite its advanced years, the *Telegraph* shows no signs of senility. Dr. Hart wishes to increase the usefulness of his live and up-to-date Catholic weekly by issuing it semiweekly, then triweekly, and finally daily. The *Denver Catholic Register* is another able weekly that promises to develop into a daily. We trust the day may not be far distant when both of these journals shall see their fondest hopes realized. Let us encourage the Catholic daily.

—The Holy Name Society of Covington, Ky., presented a grand demonstration of faith on Sunday afternoon, October 16, when it marched through the streets of Covington 8,000 strong to Goebel Park where a beautifully decked altar had been prepared for benediction. Rev. Antonine Brockius, O. F. M., preached and administered the pledge of the Society. Bishop Brossart officiated at solemn benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, after which the whole assemblage of some 15,000 joined in the singing of the *Te Deum*.—There was a like demonstration at Jersey City when 30,000 men marched to West Side Park where Bishop O'Connor gave benediction. At Pittsburgh the procession numbered 40,000 men. This solemn protestation against profanity cannot but make a profound impression, not only on Catholics, but on non-Catholics as well.

—Mrs. Emma VonSancken, of Rochester, N. Y., who had been a Lutheran for ninety-nine years, was received into the Church on September 10 in the hundredth year of her age.

—The Sacred Heart Convent at Grand Coteau, La., celebrated its centenary in October. The religious of the Sacred Heart, who are in charge, conduct an academy at the same place.

—Hays, Kansas, in the diocese of Concordia, is to be the seat of a new \$300,000 Catholic college, which will be under the management of the Capuchin Fathers, who have a monastery at that place. The college will be composed of a group of six buildings.

—Rev. Arthur Belknap, assistant at the cathedral in Lead, S. D., was lured forth, ostensibly on a sick call, at three o'clock in the morning. After he had gone some distance from the rectory, he was shot down by the man who had called him. Bigotry is endeavoring to destroy the Church by killing off her priests.

—*Catholic School Interest*, a monthly school journal devoted to education and school administration, con-

struction, equipment, and maintenance, is a new periodical that is to appear at Oak Park, Ill., about February 1. L. F. Happel, formerly managing editor of the *New World*, is to be the publisher.

—At Des Moines, Iowa, two Sisters of Charity, teachers at St. Joseph's Academy, were run down by an automobile and killed on one of the principal streets of the city. The driver escaped. The authorities have offered a large reward for his apprehension.

—Manna C. Bruner, of Independence, Mo., one quarter Creek Indian and three quarters Negro, surely cannot complain of race suicide in his family, for, according to reports, he is the father of thirty-three children, twenty daughters and thirteen sons. Of the latter twelve served overseas in the World War. This ought to give the father title to being 100 per cent American. Bruner, who is seventy-six years young, was married three times. The two first wives are dead.

—The consecration of the cathedral at Denver on October 23 was a grand affair. Many archbishops and bishops were present. Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis preached the consecration sermon while Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul preached in the evening. At the outdoor benediction, which took place after a magnificent parade in the afternoon, more than 20,000 persons knelt. It is estimated that at least 150,000 viewed the demonstration.

—The eminent Passionist, Father Fidelis (Kent Stone), a convert to the faith, died recently while on a visit with his daughter "after a separation of fifty years." Before his conversion, Father Fidelis was an Episcopalian rector with a family. After the death of his wife he prepared for the priesthood. Father Fidelis was a very prominent member of his Order.

—According to the press, portions of the ancient church of St. John the Evangelist, especially the crypt, which, tradition claims, is the tomb of the saint, have been unearthed at Ephesus.

—Bishop Schrems of Cleveland announces that by the feast of All Saints, 1922, all the music sung at the liturgical services of the diocesan churches shall be Gregorian, Palestrinan, and modern figured music written in church style, and that all church choirs shall be made up of men.

—In his recent visit to this country, Marshal Foch was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm. At Chicago a monster parade was held in his honor. Having at one time been a student of the French Jesuits, the Marshal received honorary degrees from a number of Jesuit Universities. Secular Universities likewise bestowed degrees upon the distinguished visitor. In Marshal Foch "our friend the enemy" has ample proof that it is possible for a man to be both practical Catholic and loyal citizen at the same time. This will, of course, entirely escape their otherwise keen power of observation, for there are none so blind as those that will not see.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Bell, an old couple living at Abrams, near Green Bay, Wisconsin, 104 and 102 re-

pectively, have been husband and wife eighty-five years. Mrs. M. A. Schultz, one of their ten children, who is seventy-six, makes her home with her parents who live in a log house that they built forty-five years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Bell are of English birth. May the Bells continue to chime on in perfect harmony.

—The city of Richmond, Va., will erect a children's library to the memory of Father John Banister Tabb, the convert poet-priest of the South. A memorial monument will likewise be placed over the poet's grave in Hollywood.

—The principal building of the Jesuit novitiate at Macon, Ga., was destroyed by fire at night in November. The loss is estimated at \$150,000. The community comprises seven priests, twenty-five scholastics, and seven lay brothers.

—Boston, at one time so strongly Puritan that no Catholic might enter except in disguise, now has a Catholic superintendent of schools in Jeremiah E. Burke.

—We note that both the new German ambassador to the United States, Dr. Andres Hermes, and his wife, are practical Catholics.

—The editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*, the most widely read Catholic paper in our country, the Rev. John F. Noll, has been raised to the dignity of Domestic Prelate with the title of Monsignor. *Our Sunday Visitor*, with a subscription list of some 450,000, of whom quite a number are non-Catholics, has done more to break down prejudice and make converts than any other paper in the land.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. William H. Ketcham, called "Watching Eagle" by the Sioux, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions at Washington, died suddenly in November at Tucker, Miss. Mgr. Ketcham, who was born of Puritan ancestry in 1868, became a Catholic in 1885 while attending the Jesuit college at Grand Coteau, La. His theological training was received at Cincinnati. The aged parents and a sister of the deceased, likewise converts, were present at the funeral which took place on November 18 at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Oklahoma City, Okla.

—Word comes across the Atlantic that the University of London, a secular institution, will offer its students a course in Catholic theology. The Dominican Father, Dr. Vincent McNabb, will give the course of twenty-five lectures on the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas.

—The new "Lord" Mayor of Worthing, Sussex, England, is Mrs. Chapman, a Catholic. On the Sunday following her installation, her "Ladyship" attended Mass in full state. A number of other English cities now have Catholic mayors.

—Rev. Dr. John Zahm, C. S. C., noted scientist and author, died at Munich, Germany, on Nov. 11, while on his way to the Holy Land. Dr. Zahm was a member of the Community at Notre Dame, Ind., to which place his body was brought for burial.

—Four Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, of Techny, Ill., have left for New Guinea to take

up mission work. These are the first American sisters of the Techny foundation to leave for the foreign mission field.

—In the sixteen years of its existence the Catholic Church Extension Society has helped to erect 4,074 church buildings.

EUCCHARISTIC

—The Priests' Eucharistic League of Detroit held its annual convention on October 11 in Our Lady of the Rosary Church. One hundred and fifty priests were in attendance.

—A grand rally of the Knights and Maids of the Blessed Sacrament was held recently in the St. George Hall, Liverpool, England. The confraternity numbers about 2,000,000.

—At the church of the Sacred Heart, Mouvaux, France, a theft was committed on September 14 and the Sacred Species were profaned. Public reparation was made and souvenirs of the reparation were given to those present at the services.

—Rev. George Sunday, C. Ss. R., conducted a Eucharistic retreat at St. Cecilia's Cathedral, Omaha, from November 1 to 6 inclusive.

—A beautiful altar that will cost about \$100,000 is being erected in New York City in the church of St. Jean Baptiste, which has perpetual adoration. The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament are in charge. The design for this unique altar, which is to have a throne effect, was made and executed in this country, but the various kinds of marble of which it is composed were brought from Italy.

—It is refreshing to note that the students at Notre Dame University are frequent communicants.

—The Eucharistic Congress of the Archdiocese of Cologne was held at Düren in the St. Anna Church, which is under the care of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament.

BENEDICTINE

—On October 9 the Rt. Rev. James Trobec, of St. Cloud, Minn., conferred the subdiaconate and diaconate on Fr. Clarus Graves, O. S. B., and Fr. Theodore Krebsbach, O. S. B., respectively. A class of seculars likewise received orders. At Subiaco on November 4 the Rt. Rev. John B. Morris, Bishop of Little Rock, Ark., conferred the subdiaconate on seven clerics of the Abbey, Thomas Buergler, Ignatius Bodmayr, Richard Eveld, Eugene Knof, Charles Poggemann, Bonaventure Maechler, and Louis Deuster. The four first named received the diaconate on the following morning.

—On November 10 Rev. Martin Veth, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, was elected coadjutor-abbot with right of succession. Rt. Rev. Ernest Helmstetter, O. S. B., president of the American-Cassinese Congregation, presided over the election. At the age of ten, Abbot-elect Martin emigrated with his parents from Bavaria to Kansas. In 1888 he was matriculated at St. Benedict's College. Having joined the Order, he made his simple vows in 1894 and three years

later went to Rome to complete his theological studies at the international Benedictine College of San Anselmo, where he was ordained in 1899. Having returned to Atchison in 1901, he has since been teaching dogmatic and moral theology and cognate subjects. The blessing of the new Abbot will take place in the near future.

—On October 2 Fr. Bernard Brinker, of St. Vincent's Archabbey, Beatty, Pa., made his solemn profession. On the same date the newly ordained Rev. Jerome Rupprecht, O. S. B., also of St. Vincent's, celebrated his First Holy Mass at St. Mary's, Pa. Two weeks later Father Jerome set sail on the liner *President Wilson* for Rome via Naples, to continue his studies at San Anselmo's in preparation for the doctorate in theology.

—Sister Mary Scholstica, for more than sixty years in the Order and the first Benedictine prioress in Louisiana, died at Covington, La., on November 5 at the age of 83.

—St. Peter's Abbey, at Muenster, Saskatchewan, Canada, has opened its new \$150,000 college, which will include in its curriculum the preparatory, commercial, high school, college, philosophical, and theological courses.

—Rt. Rev. Peter Engel, O. S. B., Abbot of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., who had undergone two operations in the hospital of the renowned Mayo brothers, where he died on the night of November 27. The funeral took place on Dec. 1. Abbot Peter was born on Feb. 3, 1856, at St. Nicholas, Wis. Having completed his college course at St. John's, he entered the community there. On Dec. 15, 1878, he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood and in November, 1894, he was elected to the responsible position of Abbot.

BENEDICTINE CHRONICLE

(Contributed by OMER HILLMAN-MOTT, O. S. B.)

Students of philology and linguistic science will find more than a modicum of information in a recent work—"Collectanea Hispanica"—by Professor Charles Upton Clark, wherein the author has carefully listed all the new existing Visigothic manuscripts — some 214 in all. Among others, he reproduces in heliotypes the palimpsest of Léon, the uncial of Barcelona, and the famed Alvarus (Smaragdus) of Cordova. His *aperçus* on Visigothic writing, no less than his skillful tabulation of the manuscripts, are the result of meticulous care and painstaking labor. Professor Rand of Harvard has justly praised Clark for the slowness with which he arrives at his conclusions—a view to which all serious scholars must unhesitatingly subscribe.

Clark acknowledges his indebtedness to Dom Wilmart, a monk of Maredsous, for invaluable assistance rendered in the task of unearthing several of the manuscripts listed in the "Collectanea." Again, in the quodlibet surrounding the proper dating of a manuscript (No. 512) by Florentius, a scribe who wrote at Valeranica near Burgos in the tenth century—another Benedictine, Dom De Bruyne, furnished the external testimony whereby Prof. Clark fixes with accuracy the date of its composition in the vicinity of 960.

It is noteworthy that there exist at Monte Cassino two Visigothic manuscripts; in one of them is contained

the work of St. Ambrose against the Arians wherein may be observed marginalia that are of interest because of the peculiar cursive writing. Prof. Clark in deciphering one of these marginal notes is in accord with the transliteration of the Benedictines of Monte Cassino, and their respective views as to the manuscript's proper date are not widely divergent.

The "Collectanea" are not intended to be the last word on the subject nor a finished critique of Hispano-Visigothic palaeography. The conjectural stage is still in the forefront, and there is yet room for the lucubrations of scholars before all adventitious material can be excised—or better, chronologically arranged with exactitude. As in the Chansons de Gestes and in the medieval traditionalism as propounded in the *Epopée*, and in the Norse Sagas—to make no mention of the Homeric problem—the speculations of scholars must continue as a learned give and take method with the result—hopeful at least—that the final redactor, if ever we progress so far, may oblige fictive accretions and point out the sum of the authentica.

In the realm of research, palaeographic scholarship has not been wanting in the Benedictine cloister. The monks are contributing valuable evidence as palaeographers, as witness the Beuronese school for the study of the Palimpsest-Handschriften, and the researches of Dom De Bruyne, Dom Wilmart, and the monks of Ligugé and Solesmes, to mention but a few.

Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament must be the pivot of our interior life. Hence let us visit it often, if but for a few moments at a time.

How the Night Fell

NELLIE C. MAGENNIS

The brook ran babbling o'er its frozen bed,
The breezes shivered in bare boughs o'erhead,
The blue Veronica passed within the gate,
To question Spearwort if the hour was late.
And snowdrifts in their garb of waxen white,
The silence broke not, under spell of night.

In careless ambush—close to great sea-wall,
The path is fretted with—the star-beam's pall.
The moonlight—calm above them—guards the fold,
Of thousand rays of copper—bronze and gold.
And lights the earth's intoxicating bowers—
The old time's stairway, to enchanted hours.

The old year—fearing neither wind nor sand,
Nor rock—nor glowing sunshine—lifts its wand
High o'er the meteor fountains—leaneth far
To where life's burnished lacquer gilds the bar
Of past day's tenderness—and will soon
Stretch ghostly hands beyond the great white dunes.

The brook ran babbling o'er its frozen bed,
The breezes shivered in the bare boughs o'erhead,
The pale Veronica passed within the gate,
To question Spearwort if the hour was late,
And snowdrifts, with soft lips of waxen white,
The silence breaks at last. "Old Year, good night!"



AGNES BROWN HERING

A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR to all our good Boys and Girls, both little and big. May the year 1922 be filled for them with much happiness for time and for eternity. Do you know that one of the greatest means to be happy is always to be cheerful? If anything goes contrary, don't, please don't, scold and fuss and fret and walk about with head downcast and lower lip ready to drop to the floor. In spite of all your little trials lift up your heads and smile, say a pleasant word. Be the bright rays of sunshine that break through the clouds after a storm. Don't be the dark side of the cloud, be the side that is lined with gold. Join the Sunshine Club. Smile, don't pout. God loves the *cheerful* giver.

Have much love for the Savior who loves children, who loves us all. You remember how He laid His sacred hands on the children that were brought to Him and blessed them. Look on one of the foregoing pages of *THE GRAIL* and see if you can find the picture that shows this blessing. Is it not beautiful? See how tenderly He loves little ones. If you want to share this blessing, be sure to go to church every time there is benediction with the Blessed Sacrament and get His blessing. What can be better than the blessing of God? But you will be happier still if you often go to Holy Communion. Can you go every day? Do you? He waits and waits in the tabernacle for you to come. You can never even guess how much He loves you and how much He desires to be united with you in Holy Communion.

Be good children, love the good Jesus and visit Him frequently, receive Him as often as you can, and you will be happy, not only in 1922, but all your lives, even if you should live 100 years or more. If you love Him on earth, you will love Him more in heaven and will always be happy with Him there. Once more then, a happy, Happy New Year! God bless you!

The Christ Child

ANNE BOZEMAN LYON

Each Natal Night that comes
To earth, lest
The Child go
Faltering by and fall
On the way,
The children
Of Erin in their
Windows set a taper light.

Each Wondrous Night that marks
The world lest
The Child go
Hungering by, and faint
And lie in the cold,
The children
Of Erin near their door set food
To nourish His flesh.

Each Christmas Eve that sees
The Star above
An Altar, carved and white,
Whereon burn candles
Pure and tall, lest
The Child go
Stumbling by, and tear
And scar His feet,
The children
Of Erin open their door to give
Him their heart's love.

Lost in a Blizzard

"Well, I swan," said Grandfather, "here's the paper that tells about the little boy that was frozen to death in a cornfield. I had most forgotten about it."

"What boy, Grandfather? Oh tell us about it, please," cried the children in a chorus. "Is it a really, truly story?" asked Paul the youngest of the trio.

"Where did you get the paper? When did it come? The postman has not arrived yet," said Alice. "Not so fast, my Dears, give Granddad a chance to catch his breath." Grandfather wiped his spectacles, blew his nose and settled back in his easy chair while the children perched about in their favorite places. Alice was on the right arm of his chair, Paul climbed astride of the left, and little Leo sat on his knee.

"I'll read what the paper says first before I begin my story," said Grandfather.

"But where did the paper come from?" insisted Alice. "It looks old and yellow and, let me see, why the date is March 15, 1888. Oh that was long before I was born."

"I should say it was, my little Lady. Granddad was a young man then. This morning I was in the attic looking through my trunk for some business papers and I must have picked this newspaper up with the packet which I brought down stairs to examine. Well, now listen." Grandfather read,

LOST BOY FOUND IN CORNFIELD

"The body of Willie Bungy was found on Friday last by John Peterson while picking corn. Mr. Peterson's attention was first attracted by a shining pail and upon investigation he observed the hand of a child holding it. He also observed part of the clothing protruding from under the snow. Mr. Peterson hastily summoned several of his neighbors and together they removed the melting snow. They were shocked to find the body of the little boy who was lost last November while returning from school. When the child did not come home his parents thought he had remained over night with some of the neighbors. A raging blizzard was in progress and it was impossible to look for him that night. The storm did not abate till late the following day and when search was made the child was nowhere to be found. The supposition was that he had frozen to death and that the wolves had devoured him.

Funeral services were held from the home on Monday.

The sympathy of the community goes out to the grief-stricken relatives."

"Yes, yes, that was pretty sad, pretty sad," said Grandfather wiping his eyes and shaking his head mournfully.

"Did the wolves chase him and did he run away?" asked Alice.

"Was it the same wolf Red Riding Hood saw?" queried Paul.

"Why was the man picking corn in the snow?" Leo wanted to know.

"One at a time please. You'll get Granddad so flustered he won't be able to tell you the straight of it at all."

"Well, we'll all keep still if you'll please hurry, but do begin right now, Granddad. I'm so excited I just can't sit still," commented Alice.

"You see," began Grandfather, "this happened in northeastern Nebraska in pioneer days. The farms were not close together and there were no telephones nor automobiles as there are now."

"The morning, I remember it, was warm. The sun was shining and I was out in the field cutting cornstalks. Along in the afternoon gray clouds overspread the sky and feathery flakes floated down, some of them as large as leaves. Faster and faster, thicker and thicker they came until the air was full of them and one could scarcely see in any direction.

"Of course nobody knows just how it happened and every one has his own idea as to how little Willie got lost."

"Where was he going, Granddad?" questioned Alice.

"Yes, I'm getting to that. In the morning Willie and his brother and sister went to school just as they did every day and when they left in the morning Willie's father said, 'Now I want you to bring the mail from the postoffice tonight and don't you forget it. I am expecting some important business letters. If you come without it you'll have to go straight back and get it.'

"By the time school was out the snowflakes were falling fast and the teacher told all the children to hurry home for fear there might be a bad storm, so Willie told his brother and sister to go on and he would stop at Dr. Miller's for the mail. You see the postoffice was in the country in the Doctor's house and the mail was brought only twice a month."

"Did the railroad go by the doctor's house?" asked Paul.

"No, silly," said Alice, "the railroad was far off. Now don't ask any more foolish questions."

"The teacher told Willie he better not to go for the mail," resumed Grandfather, "but Willie thought he must obey his father. People say that Mr. Bungy was a very strict man and very stern and that he was harsh with his children, but whether that was so or not I cannot say."

"You haven't told us anything about the wolves yet," suggested Leo who wanted some excitement in the story.

"I am getting to that, Sonny. Just you be patient," answered Grandfather.

"So Willie started off to Dr. Miller's for the mail. The Doctor liked Willie and chatted with him while he was tying up the bundle of papers and letters and then walked to the door. 'This is a real snowstorm isn't it? You better hurry right along, Willie, this might turn into a blizzard.'

"It is only half a mile and I can get home in ten minutes," answered Willie.

"Nobody ever saw Willie after that. Scarcely had the door closed behind him when the wind changed and the air became piercing cold. The snow fell faster the wind whirled it in every direction. The wind

whistled and shrieked around the corners of buildings and through the fields. Many lives were lost in that storm and it is not strange a little boy should be unable to tell where to go. Darkness settled down almost instantly and roads were covered so there was no trail to be found anywhere. Pasture fences were not so common then and if one were out in such a raging, howling storm there would be no way for him to tell where he was. Besides the wind almost takes one's breath away.

"Why didn't the little boy's papa and mama go and hunt for him?" asked Leo.

"You see when the children reached home, Mr. Bungy was out doing the chores and Mrs. Bungy was helping him to get the cattle and horses in the sheds because the storm was so bad that the live stock would have been lost unless properly housed.

"When she came in the house, she busied herself with the supper and did not notice Willie's absence till they sat down to eat.

"Where is Willie?" asked the mother.

"He went after the mail," answered the children, "and he told us to come straight home. He said he would catch us but we ran and beat him."

"I suppose Dr. Miller kept him all night when he saw how hard it was storming," suggested the father.

"The blizzard raged all night," continued Grandfather, "and until the afternoon of the next day. Mr. Bungy then mounted a horse and rode over to the post office and when he found that Willie had started home the evening before he was worried but thought he had gone home with the neighbors' children. After inquiring at the nearby farmhouses and finding no trace of Willie he was very anxious and all his neighbors turned out to help look for the boy. They hunted everywhere. They looked in the gulches, around haystacks, in cornfields, but no trace of him could be found.

"Willie's father and mother mourned for him until they were nearly sick with grief. They thought he had frozen to death and that the wolves had eaten him up.

"This was in November. It was a very sad Christmas at that house I declare," mused Grandfather. "A very sad Christmas indeed."

"What about the little boy in the cornfield, Granddad?" asked Alice.

"Oh yes," said Grandfather wiping his eyes, "you know the blizzard came so early in the fall that the farmers could not finish picking their corn and so when the thaw came in March every man was in the field if he could possibly get in with a wagon. There were snow banks in many places but it was possible to drive through the fields in most places. When Mr. Peterson was picking his corn he saw first the dinner pail as I read to you from that old paper. And when the snow was shoveled away there lay poor little Willie with the mail in his hand and his coat rolled up for a pillow and under his head. He had gone as far as he could and had fallen exhausted or was so tired that he lay down to sleep. He froze to death and was covered by a snowbank so that he was not found until spring. Now you little folks jump down and run along to play for Granddad is tired."

"Will you tell us another story tomorrow night, Granddad, really truly one?" asked Paul.

And Grandfather promised.

Go and Seek My Lambs

Nature, like a cradled infant, is asleep under her downy coverlet. Over the snow-clad hills the wintry winds are humming their lullaby. However, there is one place where the winds are hushed, where the sheep

graze contentedly on the green meadows, where all is peace. It is the Christmas Crib. At the door of the church we leave our sleds and wraps and steal softly up the aisle to the Crib. We see the little Infant Jesus in the manger, Mary and Joseph and the poor Shepherds adoring the new-born Babe. Our eyes wander over the lovely scene. In the distance we see the low houses of Bethlehem. On the rocky mountains and in the fertile valleys are sheep and little lambs. How well they fit into the whole scene! For did not Jesus come to seek His lost sheep? Did He not say: "I am the Good Shepherd?" But look! One little lamb has come close to the manger and looks up into the face of the Divine Infant as if to say: "See, here I am." An old mother sheep is taking her two little lambs to the stable. But look at that one,—it is eating all the time and does not seem to care for what is going on. And there, far away on the mountain, is a large black one. We turn again to the Infant Jesus and seem to hear from His lips these touching words: "Will you go to seek My stray little lambs? Will you bring back My lost black sheep? Here is your shepherd's crook, prayer, with which you must draw them out of the deep ravines. Pray for them by making the Morning Offering of the International Eucharistic League. At Mass and Holy Communion offer Me to My heavenly Father that all My dear sheep may find their way to the true fold."

"Yes, dear little readers, we will be the shepherds and shepherdesses of Jesus. When the Crib is no longer in church let us remember that Jesus is still there in His new manger, in the pyx in the tabernacle.—F.

Letter Box

985 Atlantic Street,
Appleton, Wisconsin.

Editor, "The Grail,"

Dear Sir,

Would you please put my little letter in the "Grail"? I would like to become acquainted with some of the girls that read the "Children's Corner" by writing and answering letters. I am thirteen years of age.

Your reader,
Cecilia Fischer.

St. Helen's Ave.,
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Agnes Brown Hering:

This letter has traveled from a place many miles away. I have read your "Children's Corner" in THE GRAIL and cannot find words to express my opinion of it. I think it is a splendid idea in getting the boys and girls of different cities and countries acquainted although I never see a letter from a boy or girl in Canada. Toronto is the place where the Canadian National Exhibition is held yearly. I could not elucidate the wonders and marvels of this exhibition. There are buildings which would just glorify lovers of reading and poetry such as Gypsie Sue. I would like very much to get acquainted with the Corner Readers. Canada is not so far away and please remember that

When twilight pulls the curtain down,
And pins it with a star,
Remember that you have a friend though
She may be afar.

Yours affectionately, Billy Urquhart.

11350 Stewart Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear A. B. H.,

Will you admit a big child in your midst? I should be glad to have correspondents of from 17 to 22, and will be glad to send them pictures of the Smoky City.

I might say tho' that while Chicago may be smoky it is a great city. I hope Ethel Honnert answers the letter addressed her today. How about meeting half way on our bicycles Ethel?

With kind wishes to you, Agnes Brown Hering, and hoping you will have heavenly returns for the good work you are doing for the children, I am,

Sincerely,
Josephine Switzer.

(Say, the editor likes to ride a "bike" so if there is to be a cycling party why not let us in on it?)

Mike Petro writes us a description of his rabbits, but he, too, forgot to use pen and ink. Write again Mike. We are always glad to meet the boys in the "Letter Box."

THE WAXEN CIBORIUM

Somewhere in the distance on a cool summer night a clock was slowly chiming twelve. The moon shone brightly and the faint scent of grass and honeysuckle pervaded the air. Who could commit a crime on such a peaceful calm night?

Stealthily creeping up the steps of a church and trying to keep in the shadow, was a masked man. After considerable difficulty he succeeded in opening the door. Half the deed was done.

He went quietly toward the altar and opened the Tabernacle. Nervously he stretched forth his hand and drew out the golden ciborium. Hearing a noise, he did not stop to empty the sacred contents, but hastened from the church endeavoring to make as little noise as possible.

When he gained the field in the foreground he threw the sacred species upon the ground. Then he placed the ciborium under his coat and left the field.

In the morning, the owner of a swarm of bees came out to inspect them. As he approached, a strange sound came to greet him. It was like celestial music. He advanced, and lo! on the grass at his feet was a waxen ciborium. The man fell on his knees in adoration. Later he summoned a priest from the church from which the ciborium had been stolen.

But whence came the waxen ciborium? It was made by the bees who in honor of Our Blessed Lord had attempted to show their love and respect to him.

Catherine O'Connor,
77 W. 128 St., New York City.

WINTER'S JEWELS

A hundred million little diamonds
Were twinkling on the trees,
And all the little maidens
Asked for "a jewel, please!"
But as they held their hands outstretched
To grasp the diamonds gay,
A hundred million sunbeams
Stole them all away.

Margaret Guilfoile Ryan.

Notre Dame Academy, Waterbury, Conn.

And here we have our first letter from the Sunny South! Laura Van Metre writes from New Orleans, Louisiana. Laura is a new subscriber and sat down to write when she received her first magazine. She is eleven years old and fell in love with "Gypsie Sue" as soon as she read her letter, and would like her photo. She sends a few jokes.

Jimmie's aunt was going down town and she asked him what color balloon he would like. He said, "Oh, any color, so long as it is red."

She sends us a picture which she drew. Sorry we cannot show it to you all. Write again.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL

School bells are ringing,
Glad children bringing,
From the north, and the south,
And the east, and the west,
Each and everyone looking the best.

From hillside and valley they trip along,
Whistling a tune and singing a song
These little children from far and near,
Telling the tales of fairies of old,
Which over and over again are told.

Plucking the daisies here and there,
To weave bright garlands for their hair
These little children from everywhere;
Making merry with bright butterflies
That flutter high up into the skies.

They pick the leaves from off the trees.
Then cast them upward to the breeze
And make believe that fairies will ride 'em,
And dance along the meadows green
Before the woodland fairy queen.

Down where the brooklet swiftly flows
And purple tipped the violet grows
You will find them merrily singing,
While the fairies listen attentively
To the little children of the lea.

Hush! All is serene, e'en the birds are still,
Save the rippling brooklet by the mill,
When over the valley and over the hill,
Sounds the little red school house bell
Calling to duty, they know it well.

They hurriedly go o'er hill and through lane,
Through the fields of ripening grain
And over the bridge just past the mill
To the little red school house on the hill.

Marie Louise Hagmuller,
St. Louis, Mo.

Children's Cute Sayings

(Contributed)

Sister had been explaining the great dignity of the priesthood. In the course of the instruction she told the children that St. Theresa said that if she met an angel and a priest she would salute the priest first.

Little Johnny was very much impressed. That evening he said to his mother, "Mamma, a priest must be a wonderful person."

"Yes, Johnny, he is, but what makes you remark that?"

"Why Sister told us that St. Theresa said if she met a priest and an angel, she would tip her hat to the priest first."

Two Quaker girls were ironing on the same table. One asked the other which side she would take, the right or the left. The latter answered promptly, "It would be right for me to take the left and then it would be left for thee to take the right."

Here is a conundrum. When is a doctor most annoyed? Do you give it up? When he is out of patients. It is natural, however, for most people to be out of patience when they are annoyed.

"How came you to have such a short nose?" asked a dandy of a country boy. "So that I should not be poking it into other peoples' business," was the retort.

A little girl of eight summers, being asked what dust was, replied: "Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out."

"How is it that there are three persons but only one God?" asked the teacher of the catechism class. "So there will be peace in Heaven," replied the bright pupil.

"When was Rome built?" asked a visiting committee man of the first class in Ancient History.

"In the night," answered a bright little girl.

"In the night!" exclaimed the astonished examiner. "How do you make that out?"

"Why, I thought everybody knew that Rome was not built in a day."

Mother was playing the piano when little daughter returned from school. "Mary Jane, when you are older, Sister will teach you how to play arpeggios as Mother is doing now."

The next day Mary Jane asked her teacher, "Sister, how long will it be before I can learn to play to pedoes?"

From Mother's Bouquet—Stars of Bethlehem

P. K.

Ye little Stars of Bethlehem,
Like snowflakes from on high,
Remind us of those many gems
That sparkle in the sky.

"Behold the Star!" the Magi cried,
"The herald of our King.
Come, let us seek the new-born Babe
And Him our presents bring."

They see the Star of Jacob bright,
Which prophet's lips foretold,*
And in His mother's fond embrace
Their Infant God behold.

O Mary, Eden's morning star,
God's pledge of hope and love,
Lead thou us by thy gentle ray
Unto our home above.

Beseech the Babe upon thy arms
That we His stars may be—
To form a galaxy of light
'Round Him eternally.

* Num. 24:17.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

The spirit of the Catholic youth of America was evident to the casual observer at the Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade at Dayton, Ohio. Everyone will surely admit that when six hundred young people are united for a definite purpose there must be spirit and enthusiasm at the bottom of the cause. As the pocket book of students is not very heavy, we must conclude that the Cr

saders made some little sacrifice during the vacation.

We shall not go back to the convention and review the whole affair, for much has been written on the subject already, but a few considerations may not be amiss.

The convention was a source of spiritual joy and inspiration. Is it not a pleasure to hear from God's own tried and experienced missionaries how the faith is overcoming almost insurmountable obstacles? In China during the last ten years, one million pagans turned from their pagodas to the cross of Jesus Christ. Is it not a joy to all real crusaders to know that we have the privilege of aiding the missionaries by our prayers and in a material way? Think of it, we can be missionaries at home! No doubt the news of this convention will be a source of joy and consolation to all the missionaries; zeal for the salvation of souls will be enhanced by the knowledge that so many youths at home are backing them up.

Although the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is still in its infancy it is growing rapidly and new units are being added constantly. At present three per cent of the student body of the land have taken up the cause, but the crusade will not rest until the entire student body is enlisted in this noble cause.

All who desire to join the Crusade may receive further information from the main office, 129 E. 9th., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Abbey and Seminary

—The Abbey Press force, in gaily bedecked automobiles, Fords, and trucks, with banners aloft and steamers flying, joined the numerous "gas wagons" that like an avalanche from the North swept down upon defenseless Rockport, our County Seat, for the purpose of impressing on the powers that be that we were in "dead earnest" about the proposed Dale-St. Meinrad rock road. Either catching up the spirit of enthusiasm or moved through fear of an onslaught, the County Council unanimously granted our petition. During the long winter evenings and in seasons of impassable mud roads we shall now have something more definite than mere hope to buoy us up.

—A Solemn Requiem for our deceased benefactors was celebrated on Nov. 5.

—Father Dominic, rector of the Preparatory Seminary, was called to Louisville on Nov. 6 by the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. John Fashauer, Sr., the father of John Fashauer, Jr., who spent the years from '95 to '99 at our College.

—Father Stephen had so far recovered from his two months' illness on Nov. 10 that he could depart for a few weeks' rest under the parental roof at Vincennes. Father Hilary is likewise at Vincennes recuperating from a serious operation that he was forced to undergo early in September.

—We acknowledge a pleasant visit from the genial Mr. Lyman T. Corbin, of the O'Keeffe Company, New York, who was on a tour of visits to the various offices of his company in the middle West. In order to work up a respectable subscription list, THE GRAIL

has renewed its contract with the Company, which has thus far proved quite efficient.

—November 11 was Armistice Day. At 8 a. m. there was a Solemn High Mass before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the Abbey Church. Rosary and Benediction followed. At 10:45 and again at 11 o'clock the church bells were rung to invite the country round to pause a few moments for private prayer that the dove of peace might find where to rest her weary wings. That same evening large flakes of snow fell but they scarcely touched the ground. Were the white flakes harbingers of the peace we so much desire?

—All Saints of the Order occurred as usual on Nov. 13. The school enjoyed its customary holiday. On the 14th was All Souls, a day instituted by St. Odilo Abbot of Clugny for the deceased members of our Order.

—The Seminary took a brief vacation on Nov. 15 to celebrate St. Albert's day, the patron feast of its Very Rev. Rector.

—Herbert Bombaleski, one of the boys employed on THE GRAIL, had the misfortune to break both bones in his right arm on Nov. 16, while cranking the Ford. Dr. Lomax was called at once to set the injured member.

—A most distressing accident occurred on our premises not very far from the barns to the south when fifteen-year-old Raymond Schnellenberger, who lives at St. Meinrad, was shot while hunting and instantly killed on Nov. 19. About to cross the wire fence, he placed the shotgun on the opposite side, muzzle up, then stepped on the wire to climb over. At that instant the gun emptied its whole charge of powder and shot, which blew off the top of the unfortunate boy's head. Father Celestine, the pastor, and Father Albert hastened to the spot to administer spiritual aid. The funeral was held on Nov. 21, a week before the first anniversary of the death of his father, Lawrence. The mother has been dead some years.

—November 21 was the feast of the Presentation. On the morning of that day August Ringemann, College '07-'11, the efficient assistant business manager of the Abbey Press, was made the proud father of an eight-pound boy. A few hours later the little fellow was taken to church where he was christened Roman Edward. But the joys of earth are short-lived and happiness is not unmixed with sorrow. After forty-eight hours Almighty God claimed as His own the little life that He had given. The funeral took place on Thanksgiving Day. Presentation—Thanksgiving. We extend both congratulations and sympathy—sympathy to the bereaved parents in their sorrow and congratulations that they have added one more to the glorious band of those who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

—Fr. Gregory Kunkel received the tonsure from the hands of the Rt. Rev. Abbot on Nov. 20. On the following morning, together with two other clerics of the Abbey—Fr. James Reed and Fr. Peter Behrman—he received the minor orders of ostiary (doorkeeper) and lector (reader). On the morning of the 22nd the orders of exorcist (which confers the power to drive the evil spirit) and acolyte (the official right to serve at Mass) were given.

—The basket ball team of the Bristow High School came over on Nov. 23 to play against the students of First Philosophy. The visiting team was defeated by a score of 54 to 8.

—Father Robert came from Jasper College on Thanksgiving eve to celebrate the morrow's High Mass and to spend the day with us.

—Thanksgiving Day with its traditional turkey, cranberries, and pumpkin pie is again a matter of ancient history. Two hours of the forenoon were spent at a musical in the hall. The final number, "The

Magic Ring," a clever serio-comic drama in one act, elicited a number of rounds applause.

—Dr. Claude Lomax, for some years past practicing physician at St. Meinrad, has removed to Holland, 12 or 15 miles distant. He is succeeded at St. Meinrad by his father, who had been for many years at Bristow.

—The St. Meinrad post office is now located in the same building with the mailing department of THE GRAIL. The building, formerly George Sturm's store, belongs to Jake Ruxer, the newly appointed postmaster. Robert Widmer, who held the office under the Wilson administration, will remain as deputy postmaster, as Mr. Ruxer has other business interests that will claim his attention.

—W. H. Meinerding drove down recently from Petersburg. He was accompanied by his wife, mother, and a sister. Mr. Meinerding left orders to have THE GRAIL sent to his address.

—Rev. Thomas Hoffman, College '95-'98, pastor of St. Leonard's Church, West Terre Haute, Rev. Francis Schepen, pastor at Sullivan, Rev. John Schueth, pastor at Schnellville, and Rev. William Boland, College '94-'98, pastor at Leopold, were clerical visitors at the Abbey in November.

—Vincent Lensing, College '15-'17, spent Nov. 15 with us. Among other visitors were the parents and relatives of various students.

—Rev. Herman J. Weber, whose name we find listed in the class of '06, died in the hospital at Hays, Kansas, on October 22.

—The new St. Joseph's Church at Beaver, Kansas, to which Rev. William Schaefers was assigned some weeks ago, was solemnly blessed by Bishop Schwertner on Nov. 13. A great throng of the laity, probably over 2,500, gathered from the neighborhood for the ceremony. It is said that over 550 automobiles were parked in straight lines about the church property. Father Nicholas Niederpruem, class of '06, was sub-deacon of the Mass, which was celebrated by the pastor. In September a school was opened under the direction of a lay teacher. Forty-five children are in attendance. The Church is making giant strides on the great prairies of the West.

—Rev. Joseph G. Trible, class of '21, is in charge of the missions at Diamond, Indiana.

—Rev. Joseph Underberg, Philosophy '13-'15, is assistant to Very Rev. F. Huesmann, class of '94-'95, at Templeton, Iowa.

—St. Andrew's parish, Richmond, Ind., of which the Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. A. Roell, class of '88, is pastor, and Rev. Clement Zepf, class of '15, is assistant, celebrated its diamond jubilee on Thanksgiving Day. Father Edward Berheide, of the Abbey Press, his brother Frank of the Preparatory Seminary, Sylvester Bloemke and Joseph Grothaus of the Theological Seminary, all children of St. Andrew's parish, went home to attend the celebration.

—Carl A. Schneider, '06-'12, who spent three years each in the College and the Seminary, writes that he is engaged as a teacher in the high school and college departments of Nazareth Academy, Nazareth P. O., Kalamazoo, Mich.

—Frederick Graf, College '16-'20, who joined the Friars Minor Conventuals at Syracuse, N. Y., last year, has made vows as Fr. Lambert, O. M. C. He is now taking philosophy at the Franciscan house of studies at Rensselaer, N. Y.

Book Review

The Society of the Divine Word, of Techney, Illinois, has issued a neat and interesting "Mission Calendar" illustrated with scenes from the mission field.

ST. MICHAEL'S ALMANAC, published for the benefit of the Mission Houses and Foreign Missions of the Society of the Divine Word, by the Mission Press, Techney, Illinois, is a profusely illustrated book of 106 pages that team with instructive, useful, and interesting reading matter. The modest price of 25 cents is all that is asked for it.

Under the title, "Laughter and Longing," Miss Nancy Buckley, of San Francisco, has issued a collection of her poems that have appeared in various secular and religious journals. "Laughter and Longing" is a charming booklet of 59 pages. The author has the happy faculty of catching up and holding captive in her verse the golden shafts of the glorious sun at setting. Miss Buckley's verse and prose have time and again delighted the readers of THE GRAIL. In a brief foreword, W. C. Morrow says that no newcomer into the State could achieve the results won by California poets in presenting distinctively Californian music. Moreover, he predicts for the author that "a brilliant life awaits on her efforts in fiction as well as in verse." "Laughter and Longing" sells for 75 cents.

MOSTLY MARY. By Clementia. 154 pages. \$1.00 postpaid. Matre & Company, 76-78 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

"Mostly Mary" is a delightful story that, as the publishers state, will appeal to readers from 7 to 77. One of a family of five children, and not the only one—as some of our authors are in the habit of presenting the family, Mary is just the type of whole-souled, unselfish, generous child that our young people need to meet. Kindness and consideration for others and sweetness of character are among the wholesome lessons that may be gleaned. While the story is complete in itself, the reader lays down the book with a desire to hear more about Mary and the twins. The publishers announce "Mostly Mary" as the first of a new series.

HIS REVERENCE—HIS DAY'S WORK. By Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. Net \$1.50. Postpaid \$1.60. Blase Benziger & Co., 98 Park Place, New York.

This book contains a description of the daily life of the Catholic priest. The purpose of the author is to give an account of clerical life to the laity, who often appreciate but little the grand work that the Catholic priest is doing in the world today. The clerical reader also will derive great profit from reading this book since the author has compiled therein a short review of pastoral theology. Every Catholic, therefore, should read and study this book both for his own sake and also in order that he may be able to answer the objections which are so frequently made by persons hostile to the Church and the priesthood. It would be good to place it in the hands of non-Catholics since it portrays in such likable manner, and gives such an intimate view of, the ordinary daily life of the pastor and assistant priest of our times; the result would be the removal of prejudice and the creation of a more tolerant attitude towards the Church and things Catholic. P. E.

THE BOY WHO CAME BACK. By John Talbot Smith. Net \$1.25. Postpaid \$1.35. Blase Benziger & Co., 98 Park Place, New York.

"The Boy Who Came Back" is a juvenile of many rainbow colors. Things are kept going at a lively gait at the home of "The Boy" almost all through the book, rather too lively and strange in some places to be exactly natural. However, as a juvenile, the work is very good, and will not only hold the interest of the young reader, but will also exert a beneficial influence on the shaping of his character. The gist is this: "The Boy," after going wrong, goes right, and in the end brings the whole family into line. It may be added that the volume may be read by girls as well as boys with profit.

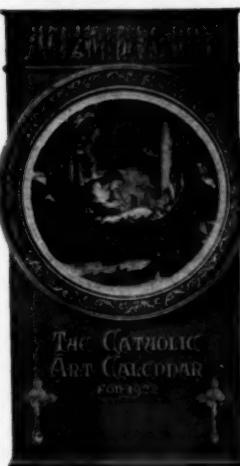
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ADVERTISEMENTS

THE DEATH OF LITTLE MARY

It is a bitter cold December evening. A sharp wind is blowing and chills to the bone all those who are obliged to be outside. All day long little Mary had been in her room, but with no fire to warm her and without a bite to eat. Towards evening the poor child can stand it no longer and wrapping a thin shawl about her she goes out in quest of food. In the distance a light beckons her on and with fast failing strength she forces her way thru the blinding snow and biting wind to the home of a wealthy neighbor. Thru the window she can see the happy family gathered about a cheerful fire; the father sitting in his easy chair, the mother preparing the evening meal, and the children romping about and dancing with glee around a glittering Christmas tree. The poor child approaches the door and knocks, but the noise inside prevents her timid knock from being heard. Again and again she knocks, but hunger has so weakened her little body and the cold so benumbed her hands that she has not strength enough to make herself heard. Faint and exhausted she sinks on the door steps, the wind drives the snow about her forming a little white monument, and in a few hours the angels come to carry her soul to heaven. Mary has died — starved and frozen to death.

Dear friend and reader: In the unfortunate countries of Central Europe there are hundreds of thousands of Little Marys now starving and freezing to death. Their fathers have been killed in the war, their mothers have died of exhaustion and privations. The orphan asylums and religious institutions which have taken charge of them are poverty stricken and have scarcely anything with which to support them. Food, clothing, and fuel are extremely scarce and can only be had at great prices. How can these children help themselves? And what are we going to do for them? Are we going to sit in our happy homes, comfortable and contented, blessed with plenty and surrounded with abundance and allow these unfortunate children, suffering such want thru no fault of theirs, to die of hunger and cold? No, dear reader, no! Our hearts are not of stone. In Christian charity we must help them and by united efforts we can help them.

Surely each of our readers can make some donation to a BREAD FUND FOR LITTLE MARY. Be the donation large or small please send it at once for the needs are very urgent and pressing. We have safe ways of sending money abroad and will bear all expense of sending it so that the full amount of your alms will reach the suffering. We will also make a personal acknowledgement of each donation received. Send in your donation now and address it:

BENEDICTINE FATHERS, B. F.
St. Meinrad, Indiana

Little Mary's Bread Fund

Benedictine Fathers,
St. Meinrad, Indiana

As a special offering to our dear Lord for His poor suffering children in Central Europe I herewith enclose \$.....

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